

Rival Sisters:

OR,

The Violence of LOVE,

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

BY

His Majesty's Servants.

Written by Mr. GOULD.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Richard Bently in Russel-street, Covent-Garden; Francis
Saunders in the New-Exchange; and James Knapton at the
Crown in St. Paul's Church-Yard. 1696.

7. JAYO H. H. H. H.



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To the Right Honourable
J A M E S,
Earl of *ABINGDON*, &c.

My LORD,

THIS Play, which I humbly here present to your Lordship, was, at first, only meant as a private Tryal to my self, of what I cou'd do in this kind of Poësie; I had not the least hope of ever seeing it on the Stage. After 'twas finish'd, it lay by me for some time, as a thing forgot and totally neglected; till an Ingenious Gentleman of my Acquaintance, who took the pains to peruse it, gave me encouragement to look it over a little heedfully, as seeing something in it (he was pleas'd to say) that, with Improvement, might make it accepted on the Stage. I took his Council: But afterwards found so much interruption and discouragement from some prejudic'd Gentlemen, who ought to have us'd me better, or, at least, had no reason to use me ill, that I repented I had bestow'd any time upon it, tho' indeed 'twas but little. But they now, however, see the Folly and Arrogance of being positive before-hand; and that 'tis not a private Taste, but the general Acceptance that ought to determine in these Matters. In spite of 'em, my Lord, it was kindly receiv'd, and that too, at a time when the Town was never known thinner of Nobility

The Epistle Dedicatory

and Gentry; a Fortune, I neither expected or deserv'd: For / I must do my Enemies the Justice to declare, they can't have so mean an Opinion of it as my self. And this Consideration, my Lord, obliges me at once to beg Pardon for making You a Present of such a Trifle, and to reflect on what I am doing; for I have hitherto rather entertain'd your Lordship with an *Advertisement* than a *Dedication*: But, I confess, it was purposely so intended; for your Lordship, I am sensible, had rather hear any thing than your own Praises. Never was so much Modesty joyn'd with a Temper so Heroick and Noble; Never was so engaging a Condescension seen, in One of so great a Fortune and Extraction; Never was there a Zeal for Religion more stedfast and temperate than your Lordship's; or a Charity, ev'n in the Primitive Times of Christianity, more diffusive and impartial; and never, indeed, were our Dedications directed to a more Judicious and Generous Patron, where the Merit of Authors is certainly rewarded, and their Failings as certainly forgiven. I cou'd here, methinks, with a great deal of Ardor, go into your Panegyrick: But tho' I myself, in respect to your Lordship, am silent upon that admirable Subject, the many Books laid at your Feet in this Age, will be Testimonies to the succeeding, how much your Lordship is the Delight and Esteem of it: Whatever becomes of this Piece, Posterity will there find You, and in more shining and durable Colours than could be laid by the unskilful Pencil of, My Lord,

Your Lordship's entirely obliged
and most humble Servant,

Robert Gould.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. D'Urfey, and Spoke by
Mr. Horden

BUT that 'twon'd haulk us in our Hopes to day,
I wou'd my self have try'd to spoil this Play,
And damn our Country Scriblers first Essay;
For letting Comick Characters pass free,
That swarm, like Bees, there under every Tree,
And plague his Brains to write a Tragedy.
I was in hopes I have had some Merry Joke,
How Farmer Hodge, a Freehold Heart of Oak,
And Collin, fell together by the Ears,
About their choos'ing of their Knights of Shires,
If't had not pleas'd the Commons, — 'twon'd the Peers:
Or else how Master Justice, and his Spouse,
Rat'd their Eldest Daughter, splay foot Blowse,
With Mutton Fist, broad Face, and sorrel Hair,
And chuffy Cheeks, red-streak'd like Katharine Pear,
For letting John the Butler late prevail
O'er Maiden Honour for a Tost and Ale —
A Scene like that had took, it cou'd not fail.
Or how the Red-nos'd Elder us'd to Cackle,
With holy Vigour and spiritual Tackle,
Got Babe of Grace in Porch of Tabernacle.
This now had brought a Harvest to us Players,
Certain to please you — that ne'er go to Prayers.
Or did the Play expose some Ratling Squire,
That with his Fox-Hounds flounders thro' the Mire.
And, after daily reizing of his Life,
At Night with stubble Beard halts home and scrubs his Wife,
Who thus Caress'd by her rough bristl'd Dear,
Dreams of a Hedge-Hog, and turns off for fear.
Nay, had the Fool but search'd the Hundred thorow,
And found some clumisie Burges's of a Borrough,
Some Hob-nail'd Dealer of the Booby's Riches,
Some Representative in Leather Breeches;

}
}
}
}
}
} In a Cant-
ing Tone.

The

The Character, I'm sure, Applause had got,
 And strangely took, digested in a Plot:
 But, a plague on't, he Writes a Tragedy,
 A Tale of loving Fools to make ye Cry.
 Therefore for my part, I'll speak nought to day,
 Either t' excuse the Poet or the Play——
 Yet, Faith, 'tis well enough some People say:
 If you are kind, I thus my Thoughts impart,
 And in the old Country Phrase say, without Art,——
 Zooks, 'tis your Goodness more than his Desert.

EPILOGUE,

Written by Mr. D'Urfey, and Spoke by
 Mr. Verbruggen, who enters Laughing.

HA! ha! ha! — The Jest is worth being known,
 Our Country Poet's just come Post to Town,
 To see the growth of his first darling Fruits,
 Stands peeping yonder in his dirty Boots.
 He beg'd me humbly to implore for Grace;
 But I, resolv'd t' augment his frightful case,
 Told him, I saw damn'd fortune in his Face,
 And that to save him now all hope was gone,
 Unless he pray'd himself — I'll fetch him on.

[Goes out and immediately re-enters.

'Sdeath! wou'd you think it? Fear o'th' damning Pit
 Has thrown the fearful Fool into a Fit!
 You see, Gallants, how dreadfully you fright,
 What dire Campaigns they hazard that dare Write,
 Not Men at Sea, when Mountain Waves swell high,
 Not guilty Thieves, pursu'd by Hue and Cry,
 Not wounded Soldiers, doubting of their Cure,
 Nay, not the French, at Storming of Namure,
 Fear'd half so much th' approaching stroke of Death,
 As a new Scribler your Bombarding Breath.

Ah!

Ah! Sirs — if this be call'd the Golden Age,
 I fear it will prove fatal to the Stage: •
 For now of Wit and Gold we've such strange store,
 That the excess of it does make us Poor:
 Ev'n in the midst of Plenty we shall fall.
 Criticks and Clippers have undone us all.
 In former Times, when we were at no Charge,
 When Wit was narrow, and Half-Crown was large,
 When Cit in Cloak came pleas'd to see our Whims,
 And brought Queen Bess's Shillings broad as his Hat brims;
 Then was a glorious thriving Time for Players;
 When the dull Crowd, unskill'd in these Affairs,
 To-day wou'd laugh with us, to morrow with the Bears: }
 Careless which Pastime did most Witty prove,
 Or who pleas'd best, Tom Poet, or Tom Dove.
 But now, even from the Court to the Black Guard,
 Thro' all degrees of Men starts up a Bard, }
 The Bear, the Cit, the Lawyer — and the Lord,
 Above twice fifty Plays each Year are made,
 And of twice fifty Plays scarce five are Play'd.
 Strange Paradox! No Age did e'er let loose
 So many Wits, or so much Gold produce,
 Yet we want both for necessary use. }
 However, we are bound to wait your Will;
 And tho' you come prepar'd to use us ill,
 Change but your Money, and y^e are welcome still, }

The Persons Represented.

<i>Vilarezo</i> , a Nobleman of Portugal.	Mr. Dizzy.
Sebastian, his Son.	Mr. Verbruggen.
<i>Antonio</i> , Sebastian's Friend,	Mr. Pöwel, Jun.
<i>Alonzo</i> ,	Mr. Williams.
<i>Vilander</i> , Kinsman to <i>Vilarezo</i> .	Mr. Horden.
<i>Gerardo</i> ,	Mr. Johnson.
<i>Diego</i> , <i>Antonio</i> 's Page.	Mr. Tho. Kent.
<i>Catalina</i> , Eldest Daughter to <i>Vilarezo</i> ,	Mrs. Knight.
<i>Berinthia</i> , her Sister,	Mrs. Rogers.
<i>Alphanta</i> , <i>Antonio</i> 's Sister,	Miss Cross.
<i>Ansilva</i> , <i>Catalina</i> 's Woman,	Mrs. Verbruggen.
<i>Julia</i> , <i>Berinthia</i> 's Woman,	Mrs. Seagrove.
<i>Clara</i> , <i>Alphanta</i> 's Woman.	Mrs. Newman.
Gentlemen.	
Boy.	
Attendants, &c.	

The Scene Averos, a Village in Portugal.

1

T H E
Rival Sisters :
O R,
The Violence of L O V E.

A C T the First.

Scene a Garden.

Enter Antonio, Berinthia, Julia, at a distance.

Ant. **C**OME to my Arms, my Love!
In this dear Circle, all that's charming dwells.
Ev'n this stol'n hour of Love I prize as much
As dying Saints the Heav'n they have in store;
I've all I wish, and they can have no more.

Ber. Much more, the sure continuance of their Joys:
Our Bliss below each giddy chance destroys,
As we too soon may find —

For O!

Ant. For what? by Heav'n that Sigh unmans me!

Ber. If after all our mutual Vows of Love,
Some fatal Hand shou'd tear me from your Arms,
And for whole Worlds between us;

If such a cross shou'd come (as O! I fear
I have already too much cause to doubt it)
Would you not think Fortune had done her worst?
Or Heav'n it self were angry?

Ant. Think, *Berinthia*? I shou'd be all thought,
Lost in the Whirl-pool of Imagination!

But where's the Wretch so indiscreet or rash,
That dares but mutter to himself, he'll part us?

Ber. Forbear, my Lord; — you know I have a Father.

Ant. Thou hast, indeed, the best that bears the Name,
My Friend, and which is more, a Friend to Justice.
But that makes for us still.

B

Ber.

The Rival Sisters: or,

Berin. He oft has said,
That he wou'd marry *Catalina* first:
And I much fear —

Anto. Alas! thy Fears are vain,
He may do that, and we, too, may be happy.

Berin. But here, my Lord, here comes the Dart will wound you,
The Shaft that thro' your Ear will reach your Soul,
Unless you call your Reason to your aid
To blunt the pointed Ruine — It is you
To whom he has design'd her,
For without you she is no more her self.
Prepost'rous Chance! O Heav'n, you shou'd have quench'd
Her growing Flame, or not have kindl'd mine!
In short, my Lord, she loves you, and last Night
(So much her Tears and her Intreaties mov'd him)
My Father made a Vow she shou'd be yours,
If half his Wealth —

Anto. Not half the World shall win me.

Berin. That I believe,
Or else you had not heard this Secret from me.
But O! so constant is my Father's Temper,
What he resolves is Fate.

Julia coming forwards.

Julia. Madam, your Father's in the Orange Walk,
And seems to make this way.

Berin. I must avoid him.

[*Exeunt Berin, Julia.*]

Anto. So will not I, for he's the Oracle
Where I this moment must enquire my Doom.

Enter Vilarezo, Attendants.

Vilar. Alone? 'tis to my wish.
My Lord, good morrow.
Thy Father was my Friend, my better half;
Yet, while I clasp thee thus,
Methinks I have not lost him; his great worth
Is all reviv'd in thee: but were he living,
Thou wert not dearer to his Arms than mine.

Anto. I see which way he drives, and must prevent him.

Vilar. While you are here, then think your self at home,
For by my Life I love thee as a Child.

Anto. Heav'n grant your Mind may always be the same.

Vilar. It shall — but why that wish? — thou droop'st, *Antonia.*

Anto. A melancholly Fume! — but 'twill be gone!

Life's short, and nothing can torment as long

Vilar. Mysterious still — but prithee be more plain.
Your Words betray the trouble of your Heart,

Your

The Violence of Love.

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Your Eyes don't sparkle with their usual Lustre,
I thought you had been proof against the Charms
Of the Fair Sex——yet why shou'd you complain?
For whom can brave *Antonio* love in vain?

Anto. Since you, my Lord, so readily have guess'd
My cause of Grief, I will confess my frailty:
'Tis true, I love; and, if I'm not deceiv'd,
My Passion is return'd with equal ardor:
There only wants her Father's kind consent
To make me fully happy.

Vilar. Who e'er he is,
I'll warrant for him; he denies thee nothing
That he can give, or thou canst ask with Honour:
Then boldly on, I'll second thy Petition.

Anto. I take you at your Word, and on my Knees——

[Kneels.

Vilar. Nay rise, *Antonio*, why to me this distance?

O rise! this posture——

Anto. Best becomes my Duty,
A posture fit for what I sue: which is,
Your Bounty in *Berimbia* to impart,
And give her Hand where she bestows her Heart.

Vilar. Curst chance! O giddy turn! how Fate does sport
With human Expectation!——rise *Antonio*.

Anto. Forgive me if this once I disobey you:
I must not rise till my request is granted.

Vilar. Then you must kneel for ever.

Anto. Call back! call back that Sentence e're it play
The Tyrant in my Heart, and yield me up

[rises.

To Madness or Despair?

Can you forget so soon your noble Promise?
That you'd deny me nothing you cou'd give,
Or I cou'd ask with Honour.

Vilar. Nor do I now, and be your self the Judge——
I thought you had not been to learn the Custom
Of your own Native Country, which enjoyns
The Eldest Sister first shou'd taste the Joys,
That wait the Nuptial Bed: yet were it not
The Custom, 'tis but Justice.

Anto. Then be it so, my Lord; I'll wait with patience
Till *Catalina's* Nuptials are perform'd:
Nor doubt I but *Berimbia* will approve
An Action that so well declares my Love.

Vilar. Still you are wide, *Antonio*,
And will not see where I direct my aim.
O think not of *Berimbia*, from thy Breast
Expel her, fix not on that hope thy rest,
For I shall never grant thee that request.

Anto. Confusion! Pain and Torture — my Lord!
Your said but now you lov'd me as a Child.

Vilar. I did indeed, and I will prove a Father, —
Witness the Pow'rs that know our secret Thoughts,
That my denial springs not from dislike,
But from the force of Friendship and of Love.
Of all the Blessings which Indulgent Heav'n
Has with a bounteous hand show'd down upon me,
There is but one I prize above the rest,
And that I give to thee. — Yes, my *Antonio*,
My Elder hope I'll to thy Arms assure;
But think, ah! think not of *Berimbia* more.

Anto. Down swelling Heart and keep the Balance ev'n. [aside.]

Vilar. Her Mind is virtuous, and her Form's lovely:
And for her Dowry, it shall be enough
To satisfy Ambition.

Anto. Now either my denial or compliance
Are dangerous Rocks, and I must flee between. [aside.]
My Lord, this Favour does require an Answer
That may preserve our Friendship still entire:
Therefore I'll beg your leave
A little to consult my Inclination.

But must, wisthal, intreat you to consider,
That where so firm a Knot of Love is ty'd,
'Tis Heav'n that joyns, and Man tho' he not divide.

Vilar. I will consider, but it shall be how
To tear *Berimbia's* Image from thy Heart.
That Knot of Love no matter who did joyn,
If I can make her elder Sister thine.

[aside going off.
[Exeunt *Vilar*. *Anto.*

Enter on the other side Berimbia, Julia.

Anto. *Berimbia* — Oh! —

Berim. That Sigh confirms our Ruine.
I knew his temper was not to be mov'd.
There's no way left but to despair and dye.

Anto. No, since we've gone so far we'll stop not here:
All ways we'll try to make him less severe;
And if all fail we can but then despair.

Enter Diego.

Diego. My Lord, your Sister's just arriv'd from Spain,
And does enquire for you.

Anto. Conduct her hither.
'Tis ev'n beyond my wish.

The Violence of Love.

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Since she was Ten Years old, and yet ev'n then
Sh'ad something in her that was soft and charming;
Your Brother found th' effect; at whose request
I sent her word to meet me at *Averos*.
You know the rest, she's here.

Enter Alphanta, Clara, Diego.

Beris. And 'tis indeed a Wonder!

Alphan. With such an eager Joy as Parents fly,
T' embrace the Heir that has been absent long,
And had for Years despair'd of his Return,
I meet my Noble Brother!

Anto. With such a Joy I take thee in my Arms!

○ Sister! thou art come as fast from Heaven!

Alphan. Then blessed be the Powers that brought me hither.

Beris. And for your good we hope as well as ours.
You will not only meet your Brother here,
But find a Lover too!

Alphan. A Lover!

Anto. Yes:

She tells you true, you here will find a Lover,
In whose Composure there is nothing wanting
That goes to make a Man up truly Noble:
From rising Morn till Noon, from Noon to Night,
Till mine is self-wearied, I could talk on
And praise him still—

But what I've said will prove

That he is worthy of *Alphanta's* Love.

Alphan. Worthy d'y'e say? alas! he is too worthy:

But were he yet more worthy than he is,

I ne'er can love him.

Anto. Not love him I were you Queen of the whole World,

And were your Charms as boundless as your Power,

Nay, could your Voice call Angels from their Orbs

To doat upon the Musick of your Tongue,

When I shall tell thee 'tis this Ladies Brother,

My Gallant Friend *Sebastian*, you wou'd blush

And be the first that gave thy self the Eye—

There needs no pause; he's Young, an Heir, and Noble.

Alphan. Would he had never been so.

Anto. Ha! why that will, or does my Heart misgive me?

Hear me, *Alphanta*, by the Powers above

If thou hast dar'd, unknown what thou art doing,

Yad better have taken cold than ro thy Bed,

Thou wilt ev'n with dishonour.

Beris. Where will this end?

Anto.

Anto. Thou art not marry'd?

Alphan. No, indeed I am not.

Anto. Nor plighted Faith to any?

Alphan. No by Heav'n.

Anto. Why dost thou hold me then in this suspense?

And when descending Happiness does smile,
And Fortune seem to court her to your Arms,
Spurn 'em so rashly from you?

Alphan. [Smiling] Pardon me, Brother, if to try your Temper,
I feign'd my self concern'd:

I thro' your Care of me perceive your Love,

And had no other aim,

Affur'd of that, what e'er Commands you lay,

You'll find that I shall readily obey.

Beris. This is a turn above my Expectation!

Anto. And thou canst love my Friend!

Alphan. Yes, any thing,
I'm to be mold'd to what Shape you please.

Anto. Then Blessings on thy Heart for easing mine.
Berinsbia too shall thank thee.—O *Alphanta*!

Just now you brought me to a Precipice,

Where sure Destruction waited for our fall,

And storms of Indignation hover'd o'er us;

But now 'tis all serene, below, above,

And the whole Prospect is made up of Love.

[Exeunt *Anto.* *Beris.* *Diego.*

Manent Alphanta, Clara.

Clara. O Madam! What d'ye mean? Have you forgot
The Vows you made so lately?

Alphan. Not yet I have not, but I must forget 'em;

Love must make way for Interest—don't repine,

For my advance is yours.

Clara. Let me be Wretched, so you be not Criminal.

Alphan. I grieve for that as much as you—but see,

My Brother turns,—and I must tell thee, *Clara*,

What e'er my Promises have been, *Alonso*

Must ne'er be thought on more.

[Exit *Alphan.*

Clara. I've done—but may Heav'n never think of me,

If I not let him know your Perjur'd Thought.

E're yet an hour be past: He's nearer 'ye

Than y' imagine.

[Exit.

Enter Catalina, Anfilva.

Cato. This day will make me blest or wretched ever.

E're this my Father has propos'd the Match,

And

And I am on the Rack to know my Fate.

Ha! who are those?

Anfil. Antonio and his Sister.

Cata. His Sister! are you sure that 'tis his Sister?

Anfil. I am, Madam.

Cata. I was afraid too soon:

I thou'd be loth to have so fair a Rival.

This way and we shall meet 'em.

[*Exeunt* Cata. *Anfil.*]

Enter Antonio, Alphanta.

Anto. Now you know all: and you may see I place

In thee and in *Sebastian* all my Hope,

Who went this morning early to the Field

To chase the swift-pac'd Deer: and 'tis his use,

When the Sun's scorching Beams inflame the Air,

To come back to a cool and shady Grove,

Hard by adjoining, there to recreate

Himself with rural Sports.—Thither we'll go:

Ha! *Catalina* here!—malicious Fortune!—

But we must avoid her.

[*Exeunt* hastily another way.]

Enter Catalina, *Anfilva*.

Cata. My Lord!—my Lord *Antonio*!—ha! *Anfilva*,

Did you observe the strangeness of his Courage?

With how much haste he thun'd me? nay, he look'd

As if he had disdain'd to answer me.

Curst be the fatal hour I saw him first:

O Fool, Fool that I am to throw away

My Youth and Love on one that does despise 'em.

Anfil. 'Tis your Impatience that creates your Trouble.

How can you think he scorns you, when, perhaps,

He knows not that you love him?

Cata. O too well!

My Eyes have told him so, my treach'rous Eyes,

That let him to to triumph o'er my Heart,

And play the Tyrant: He in them might read

All the whole Story of a faithful Passion,

How first it was begot with gazing on him;

And listening to his dear harmonious Voice,

For who can hear him talk and not be taken?

Ingrateful man! and am I thus required?

O that I cou'd but hate him!—say, *Anfilva*,

Have I ought in me that's deform'd and loathsome?

Am I not Young? Is not my Extraction Noble?

My Fortune too the fairest in the Nation?

And yet no more regarded?

Anfil.

Anfil. For Heav'n's sake, Madam—

Cata. Nay, talk not of Heav'n,

I am all Hell within, hot burning Love:
Tho' I am running on to sure Destruction
I have no Pow'r to turn. For not long since,
(But 'twas before I'd ever seen *Antonio*)
Walking abroad alone to take the Air,
I met an ancient Man, who having with
A melancholy look survey'd me round,
Broke into such Prophetick words as these.
Lady, avoid that smiling mischief Love,
That Serpent in the Figure of a Dove:
If e'er y're past your one and twentieth Year,
You fall into that vain bewitching Snare,
Y're ruin'd—I have warn'd you, and beware.
In vain, alas! I had the Friendly Caution,
I disobey'd and the Reward o'ertakes me.
Prithee let *Melvia* sing that Song I gave thee,
For 'tis a Glass where I may see my Folly.

SONG.

Not tho' I know he fondly lies
Prest in my Rival's Arms,
Nor tho' my Friends with Tears advise
That I shou'd shun his Charms;
Nor one nor t'other frees my Heart,
(Such Arts he does display)
Or can my longing Eyes divert
From gazing still that way.

Tell me, ye Pow'rs, that rule our Fate,
Why are we made so vain,
Most earnestly to wish for that
We have least hope t' attain?
Or if attain'd, is but as best,
A Mine of rifl'd Ore;
An empty Cabinet the Breast,
The Jewel gone before.

Yet on I pass, and Reason's laws
Take pleasure to despise,
As if 'twere Prudence to be Poor,
And Nonfence to be Wise:
O you that do my Passion blame,
Did you the Shepherd see,
You'd either perish in the Flame,
Or cease from warning me!

Cata. In life what is there that deserves our Care?

What Blessings can we hope that foil will bear

When Love, which should our greatest Pleasure be,

So often causes all our Misery?

Pilar. When many different Paths to Pleasure lead,

And we perversely but in one will tread,

And that the very One we are forbid,

We swim against the stream of Reason's laws,

And if we are wretched are our selves the cause:

Then cease to Love and you may soon rejoice,

Or, if you must Love! make another Choice.

Cata. Hold! on that hateful subject speak no more:

Inconstancy I from my Soul abhor:

Nor Fate, nor force, nor Chance shall change my mind,

I'll love him were I sure he'd be unkind:

But O! how should I that unkindness bear,

When but to think on't drives me to Despair?

UWeeps.

Enter Vilarezo.

Vilar. What? Melancholy? still in Tears? for shame
Give over this heedless Grief,

And trust thy self to my Paternal care:

For if that hope deceive me not, which but

Just now *Antonio* gave me,

Thou art as happy as thy will can make thee!

Happy as thou art, ere thy unwary Eyes

Gas'd thy fond Heart away.

Cata. That Day I'd see,
If there's a Day of Happiness for me.

Pilar. Thou hast had many, and may yet have more:
But why that thought?

Cata. O! if with such Indifference he could hear

What you propos'd, as but to give you hope,

I know my doom! — if he at all had lov'd,

He wou'd have listning stood as Heav'n had spoke,

And with a greedy Ear devour'd your words.

He is not to be mov'd, and I am lost!

Pilar. Bear this Passion, rash unthinking Girl.

I tell thee I have us'd my utmost care

That with an equal Flame he cherish thine:

Nor do I doubt, but in a little space

He will pay all his future Homage here.

Cata. O Death to all my Hopes! then he's in Love!

Pilar. I've taken Order to prevent its progress.

Droop not, my Child, I'll mould him to thy wishes.

In the mean time I'd have you entertain

No anxious thoughts, but leave th' affair to me;

And

And you shall find; e're a day elder grown.

I'll compass thy Repose, or lose my own.

Cata. Ha! taken Order to prevent it's progress.

By Heav'n! if what I still have fear'd is true.

Berinthia is my Rival!

True did I say? Fool that I was to doubt it:

'Tis all too true for my eternal quiet!

Yet I'll not tamely lose him—*Christian Practice*

Shews me the way—What has not angry zeal

Made those that differ from her Interest feel?

Does it regard Alliance, does it spare

Women with Child, or kneeling Saints at Prayer?

Me a much stronger cause does forward move,

No Zeal can be so warm as injur'd Love.

[*Exit Cata.*]

As Anfilia is going off,

Enter Gerardo and pulls her back by the Sleeve.

Anfil. Well, what now? — if 'tis to discourse over the old story 'tis but breath thrown away—and you have but little of that to spare—and not much of any thing else.

Gerar. How? how? —

Anfil. A Lover of threescore! — Fy! 'tis as unnatural as the Ass in the Fable that fawn'd upon his Master, and thought he might take all the little Liberties of a Lap-Dog.

Gerar. Or the great ones of a Monkey — To the Ladies, I hope, you'll grant an Ass is not altogether useless — Better Brutes have e'er now been forc'd to give place to 'em.

Anfil. 'Tis a great many years ago, however, since you were useful.

Gerar. Dost thou treat all men with this Indifference?

Anfil. No; but I wou'd, if they were all as thou art.

Gerar. Why, what am I?

Anfil. The shadow of a Lover, nothing else, though you talk so much of the substance. You may, I grant, please your own Imagination; but that will scarce reach far enough to satisfy a Mistress — In fine, you can only make Love, not act it, and so will be damn'd for the Sin, without enjoying the Pleasure.

Gerar. Certainly thou hast held thy Leg over a nettle this Morning — I defy e'er a young, noisy, fashionable Fool of 'em all to do you better Reason than my self. — Look here Child — observe this Paper — D'ye see? — meer strength of back! meer Chins! — I'd undertake, if thou wou'd but love me, to shake of twenty years with as much ease as a Courtier does his Promise, a Fanatick his Allegiance, or a Statesman his Religion; and come to thy Arms all warmth! all Love! —

Anfil. And all wrapt up in Sear-Cloth like a Mummy — My Imagination ticks at it — Hear me Gerardo, for now I'm serious — if I thought any Behaviour

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haviour of mine encourag'd you to this impudent Application, I'd turn Nun to be reveng'd on my self; and there is but the Devil and thee I'd sooner avoid.

Gerar. Nay, now you are too severe, and in not seeing my Affection, are blind to your Interest.—I could every day have presented thee with some such pieces as these—
[Chinks 'em.

Anfil. [Aside.] Had I the right Colour! and I confess they look prevailingly—
if he part with his money there is hope he may be drawn on a little further.

Gerar. And have made thee outshine any Lady in Portugal for Bravery, Jewels, and all that—

Anfil. [Aside.] And now I think on't I'll try him; if he will bite at Matrimony; I don't care if I angle for the Gudgeon.

Gerar. But time is, time was, and agad time's—

Anfil. Not past, I hope, Noble Sir.

Gerar. But take these, however, in Earnest of what I wou'd have done, if you had us'd me better.

Anfil. How? use you better than by a feign'd unkindness to be assur'd your pretences were real? as now, to my great Comfort, I am: If you think I had any other design here, I'll refund.—I scorn to be oblig'd to one that doubts me.

Gerar. Doubt thee? no, no—A Man need not doubt the Corrupting a Saint when twenty Broad pieces are his Bawd.
[Aside.

Anfil. Then, upon consideration, I will accept of your love; but it must be upon Conditions.

Gerar. Let 'em be what they will I agree to 'em: Tho' you shou'd put me to the same Drudgery my Lady *Anfil* did her Porter, whom she us'd to call her Limbeck, and him three times a day with Jelly and Cock-broath, which she still drew off in Spigots.

Anfil. Then I enjoin you upon pain of my lasting displeasure to talk, think, and Dream of no other Female but my self.

Gerar. Good.—no, hold, hold. How shall I do to bridle carnal Appetite in sleep? —I'd know that now?

Anfil. Nay if you don't like my Propositions—

Gerar. I do, I do: proceed.

Anfil. Then, lastly, you must not dare to mention that exploded thing call'd Marriage to me.—Now I shall try him.
[Aside.

Gerar. Better and better, we were certainly cut out for one another. I never design'd it, Child, I never design'd it, that was premis'd when I gave thee my Money, with a Wife I wou'd have had some: and that may serve to shew how much I respect thee above one.

Anfil. O, goes it so? —then I know how to use you.
[Aside.

Gerar. And upon the Performance of all this I shall embrace—

Anfil. Your own Desires—but nothing else by Heav'n, for me.
[Aside.

But hark, my, Lord *Sabastian's* [Horus, as at the Death of a Stag.
Return'd from Hunting. I must be gone.

Gerar. A Kiss at parting.

Anfil. Nay, then don't force it.

Gerar. Gad but I must, 'tis not to be had else I find.

Anst. [*Aside.*] O Garlick, Goats and Monkeys. [*Exit Spitting.*
Gerar. Some marry'd Man, perhaps, may think me a Coxcomb for parting
 with my Money so easily: but if his Wife's separate Coach, Gaming, Servants,
 Nurseries and Pin-Money were seriously consider'd at the Years end;
 He'd find himself much farther gone in Folly,
 And own a Husband is the greatest Cully. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Scene a GROVE.

Enter Sebastian, Vilander, Gentlemen, Attendants, as from Hunting.
To them Gerardo.

Gerar. **W**HAT sport, my Lord?

Sebast. The best we've had this Season.

Gent. 'Twas a hard chase: I never knew a Deer
 That stood, or dy'd so nobly.

Vilander. O who wou'd leave such manly sports as these
 To waste his youth and strength in fond Embraces?
 To whine, and fawn, and Dy to gain a Smile
 Of some fantastick Creature, made to serve him?

Gent. Still on this Subject?

Sebast. 'Tis habitual to him.

The Mistress he ador'd prov'd false, and now
 He rails at all because one broke her Vow.

Vilander. Do I rail when I tell you Love's a Toy.

Which they that seek for most the least enjoy?

Or that 'tis, when most faithfully defin'd,

The flux o'th' Purse, the Gangreen of the Mind

When e'er we fondly think that we may call

It ours, 'tis surely ours the least of all.

Love Hounds and Horses, and if you'd enjoy

Yet more, let Books your private hours employ:

Objects like these the nicest Eye will please:

But love not Woman — if you love your Ease.

Sebast. Since from this Theme, I see, thou wilt not move,
 Pray tell, what are the ill effects of Love?

Vilander. First, he that loves waits on a Woman's will;

Which, tho' 'tis shifting, tho' 'tis changing still,

Is yet not half so changeable, as ill.

The solid Pleasures which the Wife esteems

He leaves to follow a fantastick Dream,

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The *Ignis Fatuus* of his wild Desires,
Which makes a glare, misleads him and Expires.
His Interest, Honour, nay his future good
Is not regarded, or not understood,
When Love has cramp'd his Brain and fir'd his blood.
If he has Rivals (for 'tis never known

But the fair snare does catch more Fops than one)
He fights, he kills, and, when from Justice fled,
The Living Fool's more Wretched than the dead.
Yet after all these Miseries are ran thro'
Can he be certain she'll continue true?

And if her Coyness was with torture born,
How will he relish fallhood, back't with Scorn?

Sebast. In what y've said, *Vilander*,
The badness of your Choice is understood,
And argues not but we may love the Good.
Women! whose kindness all our Care controuls;
And breaths Divinity into our Souls!
Their charms declare they were by Heav'n design'd
To glad the Heart and raise the drooping Mind
And give us Joys we no where else can find.

Vilander. Young man, let this bold Truth employ your thoughts,
The very best of Women has her Faults;
If thro' those Faults my life uneasy be,
What signify her Virtues then to me?

Gerar. I am of Opinion, Gentlemen, y're both wide—to love 'em too well
makes 'em proud, and too little Peevish; a man must walk between you, if
he intends to come between any thing else.

A mistress believes him disabl'd that rails,
And a Coxcomb that whines and w'ont tell what he ails;
'Tis the Erollick, the free, and the bold that prevails:

For Woman's a Sphinx that puts forth a Riddle,
Which nothing resolves like a Treat and a Fiddle.—and so set ye Merry.

[Exit Gerar.]

Vilander. True Leacher still.—

When once we tread the Harlot's beaten way,
Nor stone, nor Gout have Pow'r to make us stay,
In Spite of Age we still love fornication,
And upon Crutches travail to Damnation.
But see! what have we here?

Enter Gerardo with Alonzo, Boy.

Gerar. One that says Love has sent him with a Hue and Cry after his Mistress. As y're at present inclin'd I thought him very fit Company for you.—
I never see half a dozen Lovers together but I think it a great chance if six of
'em are not Madmen.

[Exit,
Alonzo.]

The Rival Silters: Or,

Alon. Here, here, here.—This to the East, this [Gives 'em Papers] to the West, this to the North, and this to the South—let 'em be sent from Tything to Tything with all possible haste. She's describ'd to the life—Of a Moderate height, aged about Sixteen, soft as an Angel, treacherous as a Devil!—away with 'em.—I'll stay here till you bring news of her. In the mean time, Boy, sing the Song *Anamtor* made, who us'd to say his Mistress's Vows were like Ropes of sand, onely more apt to break in the Twisting.

Boy sings.

*C*elia has a thousand Charms,
'Tis Heav'n to ly within her Arms!
While I stand gazing on her Face,
Some new and some resistless Grace
Fills with fresh Magick all the Place!
Love his Darts around her throwing,
Her Breath Arabian Perfume blowing,
And Venus was not half so knowing.

*But while the Nymph we thus adore,
We shoud our Wretched Fate deplore;
For O Mirrillo! have a Care,
Her sweetness is above compare,
But then she is more false than fair:
Her chief delight is in undoing,
And we run down so steep to Ruin,
There is no stopping when w are going.*

Gent. Vilander, your disease.

Vilan. Mine's not so bad

Like you to marry, or like him be mad.

Alon. I'm cold! I starve with cold!

My heart is torn'd to Ice with her Disdain!

Oh! it oppresses—but I'll tear it out.

Alas! here are too many Stains of sin,

But look it thro' and thro' (for 'tis transparent)

You'll find no Stains of Love.

Did you e'er see a Woman's Heart?

Sebast. No.

Alon. I have a Receipt how the first was made, saw the Ingredients mixt that make up the Curs'd Composition. Honey, Balm and Cassia; Hemlock, Wormwood and Opium, and ten thousand other such Inconsistent Drugs are confus'dly shuff'd together: So that your Sweets are dash'd with Gall, your Smiles with Frowns, and your Hopes with Despair. Like the Cameliop is varies all Colours, like *Proteus* all shapes, Like Madness all Humors, and like Interest all Religions.

Vilan.

The Violence of Love.

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Vilan. His dress is onely mad and not his Language.

Alon. Yet this light, giddy, vain, fantastick thing,
I thought my own——believ'd, and was undone.
And now Despair——see how he glares upon me!
With a long flaming Whip of twisted steel,
Does lash me naked round about the World,
That could debase Humanity so low
As to believe a Woman——O give o'er!
Not yet? nay then I shall submit no more,
Be gone, fly from me swift as Northern wind.
Ha! now 'tis worse——I have thee in my Mind.

Sebast. To pity him tho' 'tis indeed in Vain,
To do it not were barbarous.

Alon. Ha! ha! ha!

See there how that vain, witless, abject thing,
That *Animal* that calls himself a Man,
Cringes and bows and Deifies a Woman:
Now he implores her leave to kiss her Hand,
But see! she thinks it is too great a favour,
Nay says 'twas Impudence to make the Motion,
And flies like lightning from him:
Yet for all this th' Industrious Fop pursues her,
But he may spare the pains! for, see, for fear
He shou'd not follow she her self does turn,
Smiles, Blushes, Sighs, and vows sh' as lov'd him long,
And ev'n at first her Passion wou'd have own'd,
Did she not fear he wou'd have thought her food.
But now——ha! ha!——O frail and faithless Beauty!

Sebast. Well, what now?

Alon. Nay look your self and see it.

This Woman that but now did swear she lov'd him,
E're the Breath's cold with which she form'd her Vows
Has to another sworn the same and left him——
But let her go, for who can trace a Bubble?
And cast your Eye on the forsaken Wretch
Who, mad with Grief, blasphemes his Fate, and curses
Those faithless looks that charm'd him to Destruction:
Till weary'd with his Sorrows and his wrongs,
He falls asleep and wishes 'twere his last.——

I, too, am heavy——see! the Leaden God,
Appears and charms me with his Drowsy Rod.

[Lies down, as to sleep.]

Vilan. At once by Woman all Mankind was slain,
"And one by one they kill us o'er again!"

Enter Antonio, Diego.

Sebast. O, Wellcome Friend, we miss't you in the Field
But why so heavy?

Anto.

Anto. Can you not Remember
Since you last saw my Sister?

Sebast. Very well:
Why at this time that Question?

Anto. 'Tis so long since I fancy you'd not know her.

Sebast. O yes, she left her Image in my Heart,
And there it still continues to inform me.

Enter Alphanta, Clara.

Anto. Then this is she, and she is yours for ever.

Sebast. What shall I say? the Gift's so great! and thanks
Is a Return so poor——I'll find a nobler way.

But fair one, say (for without your Consent

My Joys will have no Relish) can y' approve

Antonio's Choice, and give me Love for Love?

Alphan. It was my Brother's absolute command,
I hope I shall obey him.

Sebast. O charming Voice! here let me breath my Raptures! *[Embraces her.*
Alphonza rises hastily and looks upwards.

Alon. Stay!

I charge you stay and tell her so your self,

I have renounc'd the curst Inconstant Sex,

O that I'd done it sooner!

I had not then ran wandering up and down,

Reduc'd to the most abject state of Fortune,

The Pity of Women and the Scorn of Fools.

Did any of y' see it?

Sebast. What shou'd we see?

Alon. A soft sweet smiling Angel 'twas,
From Heav'n I saw him cut the yielding Sky,
To me he did directly shape his flight,
And hov'ring o'er me with extended Wings,
Greeted me thus.

Mortal, awake, and the next Nymph you see,

Tell her this Truth, this Sacred Truth from me:

Tho' she a while Successfully betray,

She'll once Severely for that Error pay;

For if there is no Hell for Perjury

Heav'n is unjust, and that it cannot be.

Clara. Can you hear this and—

Alphan. Hold, and learn your Duty.

Clara. My Duty's —

Alphan. To be silent when I bid you.

Alon. to *Alph.* But you are cast in a sublimer mould,
So chaste and pure, y'are of a piece with Heav'n—
Therefore my Message can't be meant to you,
So much Divinity must needs be true.

[Aside]

Anto.

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Anto. What can this mean? he does not know her sure.

[*Aside.*

Alon. But an Inconstant Woman — ha! ha! ha! — here, take this Eel in this Hand, and this Woman in this hand — hold hard, gripe close, closer yet — so — now open — ha! ha! ha! — the Eel remains, the slipp'ry Woman's gone.

Vilan. Excellent! They are not in their Senses that say thou'rt out of thine.

Sebast. Y'are thoughtful, Love.

Alphon. Those thoughts are then of you.

Sebast. How will enjoyment all my Pow'rs confound,
If thus the charm my Senses with her sound!

Alon. O dark! dark! dark! a thick Egyptian Fog
Has cover'd me all o'er — But who can see
That's clouded with Despair?

Despair's a Whirlpool! — now I'm swallow'd up!

I'm gone! I'm sunk ten thousand Fathoms down!

The Globe's unhing'd, the sun has lost his light,

Th' Eternal Chain is broke. Chaos is come,

For Truth and Faith and Virtue are no more!

[*Exeunt.* *Alon.* Boy.

Sebast. Take care of him, till we can know from whence,
And what he is.

Vilan. That charge, my Lord, be mine.

[*Exit Vilan.*

Sebast. Antonio!

Anto. Ha!

Sebast. Still Melancholy? not a word to spare us?

Sit down, come, we'll endeavour to divert you

[*They all Sit.*

[*An Antick by Forresters, with other Dancing. After which
this Dialogue by a Shepherd and Shepherdess.*

Shepherdess. To me y'ave made a thousand Vows,
A thousand tender things have said;
I gave you all that Love allows,
The naked Pleasure of the Bed.
Yet now my Eyes have lost their Charms,
Or you abate in your desire;
You dream y'ave Cælia in your Arms,
And burn with an unballow'd Fire.
Aloud you Name her in your sleep;
And if 'towards me y'are pleas'd to stir
(A Kindness that but makes me weep)
'Tis enely when you think of Her.

Shepherd. That charming Cælia I admire,
I must, with Pleasure, own it true;
But had I ten times more desire,
How cou'd my Passion injure you?
Love is the Sacred Tree of Life,
And up to Heav'n it's Branches rears;

*Pet Admiration's but the Leaf,
 Enjoyment is the Fruit it bears,
 Then while you raise this vain dispute,
 Your Fondness but it self destroys:
 When you your self have all the Fruit,
 What need you Envy her the Leaves?*

Sebast. O do not doubt me, but I know thou dost not.
 All that a Son can say to move a Father
 You may be sure I'll urge; nor need you fear
 But I shall prove successful.

[*Exeunt. Sebast. Gent.*]

Anto. The Eloquence of Angels guide thy Tongue
 To plead this holy cause.
 Like me no Lover e're was us'd before,
 I feeding, starve, and Riches make me poor.

Enter Berinthia, Jolia.

Ha! why those Precious Tears?

Berth. W're lost! — w're lost! my Father is enrag'd,
 My sister raves and has Resolv'd my Ruin.
 Nay with her Ponyard drawn, her Eyes up heav'd
 To Heav'n, that it might Witness what she said,
 With many a fearful Oath she vow'd my Death,
 Unless I did remit my Title to you.

He's mine (cry'd she) for I first made my claim!
 I'll serve, adore, and Love him while I've breath,
 And grapple with thee for him in the Pangs of Death.

Anto. I ever thought her Violent and Rash.

Alphan. Strange! that a Man so wise as *Pilarezo*
 Should not perceive her frailty:
 But I forget, there's Bigotry in ill'd Love
 As well as in Religion. Time, perhaps,
 May make him see his Errour.

Berth. O no, she casts a mist before his Eyes,
 And with a tear, will melt him as she pleases.
 He always lov'd her best.
 She's fixt, she's grav'd, she's rooted in his heart,
 Nor will one Grain of Iarrest in resign
 And 'tis as certain that she'll ruin mine.

Anto. Rather forget this Wretch that is the cause,
 Reject, despise, and drive me from your Heart;
 Though to my own Confusion I desire it.
 Heav'n has, perhaps, design'd thee to another.
 One that is Rich, great, Young, Lovely and Loving:
 Leave me then, Madam, leave me to my Fortune.

Berth. Can you forget me then?

Anto. O never! never!

Berth. Why then d'y'e bid me leave you?

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Anto. 'Tis for thy good, thy Peace, thy future safety,
Which otherways, I fear, are lost for ever.
Alas! my Passion no decrease should find;
I may be wretched, but I must be Kind.

Berin. Then what a Wretch were I if I should leave you?
No, my dear Lord, in Truth I will not yield,
Even to you: what ere my chance does prove
I must love on. Th' Eternal Pow'rs above
(If Mortals may presume to guess at Fate)
Doom'd me to love ere yet I saw the Light.
The onely business of my life is Love,
My Words, my Thoughts, my very Dreams are Love!
I am all Love: I am a World of Love,
And give that World to thee!

Anto. Talk on! talk on! the Musick of thy Tongue
So charms my Soul that I could hear thee ever!
And think Eternity thus better Spent
Then Poets ere could feign, or Priests invent.

Enter Sebastian.

But see, thy Brother — ha! by Heaven I read
Our Ruin on his Face! his looks betray,
And tell beforehand, what he has to say.

Sebast. Pardon me, dearest Friend, for promising
More than I could perform: But sighs and tears
Soft'n my Father's flinty breast no more
Than Waves a Rock, that stands for ever firm —
Against Wind, Storms and Tydes, and so does he.
I prest his Filial Piety, his care
Of this unhappy Creature's future welfare,
Which wholly did depend upon his Grant.
I urg'd my Passion for the fair *Alphanta*
With all the tenderness Love could inspire.
I nam'd our Friendship — which must still remain.
I did what Man could do, but all in Vain.

Anto. Look down, ye Pow'rs and wonder why you made
The Heart of Man so cruel!

Sebast. At last, on my Obedience, he enjoynd
That I should say no more — but yet said he,
To show you that I prize *Alphanta's* Worth,
Tell him once more from me, my Elder Daughter
I freely give into his Arms for ever,
If he but quit his Passion for her Sister.

Anto. First quit my hope of bliss: when she is gone
The onely end for which I liv'd is cancell'd.
Eternity would be a blank without her,
An o'ergrown Cypher, a round endless nothing.

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Sebast.

Sebast. Which if he does deny (thus he went on)
Tell him that I beseech him to return;
To his own home, while I make whole the Breach
Which else will be more widn'd by his stay.

Anto. O my *Berinthia*! O my mourning Love!
Our parting pang draws nigh.

Berin. I heard our doom, and it has reach'd my Soul!
O hold me! O support me, or I faint!
Here let me sink! here let me dy away,
And make your Arms my Tomb! — you must not go!

[Weeping.]

[Enter *Vilarezo*. Attendants.]

Vilar. Enough! my Eyes have seen what till this hour
I never cou'd believe: what Plague is there
Above a stubborn Child? — for you, my Lord,
To whom I made my Resolution known;
In wronging him that priz'd you as a Son,
Y'ave forfeited the Title of a Friend.

But since my Elder Daughter you despise,
Thus I snatch this for ever from your Eyes.

Berin. O Father! Brother! O *Antonio*!
Farewell! Farewell!

[Exeunt *Vilar*, *Berin*, *Jul*. *Acten*.]

Anto. Angels protect and guard thee!
O Friend! thou cordial to my fainting Soul!
Did not thy presence in some sort support me,
I think, by Heav'n I think I cou'd not bear it.
She's gone! for ever gone! — and yet I live,
I tamely live to say it.

[Dread.]

Alyban. Hold! O hold! —

Sebast. It is indeed too cruel. — but afflict
Not thus your self; I'll try him yet again.
Intreat, Implore, and hang upon his Knees,
Nor be deny'd tho' he shou'd spurn me from him:
He must have Nature in him, and I'll wake
It, fast as 'tis, or sleep my self in Death.

Anto. In vain you'll strive to move him, he is fixt.
How much are Mortals made the Sport of Fate?
We're both in Love, yet the strange difference see,
Observe but how our Fortunes disagree,
It is thy Paradise — and Hell to me.

[Exeunt.]

ACT

ACT III.

Scene the GROVE.

Enter Vilarezo, Catalina, Anfilva, Attendants.

Vilar.

BE Patient, O be Patient!
I yet will find a way to make thee happy.

Cata. Name it no more! happy without Antonio?
O Contradiction, never to be solv'd!

Alas! I am more Wretched now than ever.

Had he continu'd here, with sighs and tears

I might have softn'd his obdurate Heart,

As drops of Rain in time will wear through Marble.

But y'ave unkindly forc't him hence, and now

My hopes and Charms are vain.

What Plague, what Torture is like Love despis'd?

O 'tis too much! I will not, cannot bear it—

I'll bleed, I'll burn! run mad, despair and Dy,

But I will make 'em all as curst as I!

Vilar. Once more I bid be patient and obseave me,

By Heavn you else shall perish in your Folly.

I bring you Comfort and you spurn it from you.

Cata. O on my Knees I beg you to forgive me;

[Kneels.]

Forgetting Love thus get the start of Duty.

But what's the Comfort you have brought me? speak!

[Rising.]

Add ease a wretched Heart that else must break.

Vilar. Thinking you cou'd not brook Antonio's absence,

I've sent a Messenger to fetch him back,

And let him know, I'm sorry that my Rage

Transported me so far;

And that if he Return I'll make him happy.

Cata. O worse and worse! Despair instead of Comfort!

And where? O where will my Ambitious end?

To make him happy? that's in plain terms

To let him know you'll give a husband to him.

He can't believe y'ave any other meaning.

Vilar. I would not have him.

Cata. Then a long farewell

To Worldly Comfort, all my Hope ends here.

Vilar. Rash Girl, no, here thy happiness begins,

If you'll but be assisting to your self.

'Tis true, he'll think that I intend *Altruism*.

For him, nor must he yet be undecid'd:

Therefore,

Therefore, when next you meet him,
Behave your self as freely as you can;
Let him not see you wear a mournful look,
Or drop a tear, but bear him still in hand
As if all mov'd according to his wish.

Cata. Alas I can't dissemble, thro' my Eyes
He'll see my Heart, the Blushes too will rise,
And shew my easyness is all Disguise.

Vilar. You must attempt it if you'd happy prove,
Mean to please me, or have the man you Love.

Exit Vilar.

Cata. Have him? Heav'n knows 'tis firmly my design:
But take your Method, and I'll follow mine.
My sister? yes, that Bar must be remov'd,
Or I can never hope to be belov'd.

Ansil. What mean you, Madam?

Cata. Mean? I thought y'd known,
Sebastian and *Alphanta* on their Knees
Have to my Father mov'd *Antonio's* suit,
And half prevail'd to make the match go on,
For tho' he did deny 'em, 'twas with tears:

The next assault, perhaps, they make him yield,
Berinthia triumphs, and I lose the Field
O killing thought! but e're that day does come,
My sure revenge shall seal her fatal Doom.

Ansil. Consider, Madam, that one Mother bore you.

Cata. Away, preach no Consideration to me,
That were the way to melt me into Pity,
Which now must be a stranger to my Breast;
While I had Pity I cou'd have no rest.

Ansil. But Conscience, Madam.

Cata. Conscience, foolish Girl?
The Covetous, th' Ambitious and the Jealous
Know no such thing.

Ansil. Think of the Danger then.

Cata. There can be none,
If thou art faithful to me.

Ansil. D'ye doubt me Madam?

Cata. No, by Heav'n I do not,
For you have promis'd fair.—here—here's more Gold,
The fatal War's begun; between us two
Love, Nature, Pity and Remorse must cease,
And curst be she that first proposes Peace.

Exit Cata.

Ansil. What have I done?

I am in Love my self, and can I yield
To Poison one whose frailty is the same?
Tho' undertook it must not be perform'd.

If not perform'd I'm ruin'd: — This Fool too? — He finds me in ill Humour.

Enter Gerardo.

Gerar. Dear soft Tempter well met. — Ha! What? not a word? Melancholy? if the perpetual Clack of thy Tongue has left moving y're in an ill case I can tell you that now.

Anfil. And if you provoke that Clack to move you are in a worse case, I can tell you that too.

Gerar. And that I shall do, Child, I shall provoke thee, my Desires stand a tip toe, and —

Anfil. I shall humble 'em, by Heav'n I shall.

Gerar. Yes, yes, they that raise the Devil may lay him again, that's Certain.

Anfil. Does this Behaviour suit with your grey hairs?

O Heav'n! how can the Youthful chuse but fall,

When Age does go before and give the call?

Gerar. Nay, if thou art turn'd Preacher 'tis time for the wicked to reform. I ha' done, I ha' done.

Anfil. And so y'd best: but, since I'm in my Lecture, — Prepare to hear the rest, and mark me well.

If e'er you attempt my Chastity agen,

I'll use thee as thou art, the worst of Men.

In all Bruits else,

When Age comes on, decrease of Lust we find,

But it does last till Death in —

Gerar. Womankind.

Anfil. Swine! Monkey! Toad!

Gerar. She is in earnest I find — and with very little pains has made an Ass of me: does like a Woman — trickt me of my money — like a Woman still — broke her Promise — more of the Woman. Baulk'd a good opportunity — gave what was not like a Woman at all. Well, this is my Comfort, I have made her once in vain, and many a Coxcomb does it all his Life time. — Ha! what's yonder? the very young Dog that makes me ill.

Enter Diego.

Diego. Drinkable Water: This Page's flesh is swallow'd more glibly than my Gold. Draw, Sir? or do you apprehend me? Draw.

Diego. What mean you, good Gerardo?

Gerar. 'Tis no matter what I mean — neither, indeed, has fighting any great store of meaning in't. — Draw, Sir.

Diego. You'll let me first know why.

Gerar. That were to break a Custom 'tis never done now adays — A Man is now whipt through the Lungs before he knows any thing of a Quarrel. Come, come, draw, or I shall give you your Dispatch, Sir.

Diego. The Doctor makes me angry — Well, what now, Sir?

[Draws.]

Gerar.

Gerar. Nay that's all—now you may put up agen if you please: (the Rogue has mettle I find). But I shall take the Liberty to tell you y^e are sawcy for attempting, her Love that has mine, Sir.

Diego. O fits the Wind there?

Gerar. One that deserves——

Diego. More than you can give her however.

Gerar. How now Sawce-Box? how d^ye know that? did I ever make love to you that thus you pretend to be a Judge of Abilities?—

In short she's meat for your Masters.

Diego. Well, granting that, I hope 'twill be no dishonour to you to have a Taster.

Gerar. Smart and home Faith—and if to have Tasters in that sense could make us of the Blood-Royal, gad I believe most men wou'd be Princes.

Enter Alonzo, Vilander, Boy.

Alon. Hear me, *Pluto*.

Gerar. What does he take me for the Devil?

Vilan. Ay, and for the Master Devil too.

Gerar. Hum——there's some civility even in that, tho'.

Alon. Hear me infernal Monarch, by the Pow'r
That chain'd thee down in this abyss for ever,
To dwell in glimmering Flames of Liquid sulphur,
I'll pluck thee from thy ever-burning Throne,
And lash thee worse than Furies do the damn'd,
Unless you give me Justice.

Gerar. You shall have it.

Alon. Why, who art thou?

Vilan. The same you take him for—or, at least, a very good Servant of his.

Alon. How can I have Justice then from thee?

I've Faith, and that has arm'd me. Thou hast heard

How *Hercules*, the Monster-killer, took

The Tripple-headed Porter from thy Gate,

And drag'd him up to Light:

What hinders me to do the same to Thee?

Nothing——then Tyrant come along with me.

Gerar. Hold, hold——if I am the Devil the Devil take me.

Vilan. Ha! ha! ha!——there's some civility even in this too.

Gerar. As much as in your laughing——Death! he did not consider that, like an old watch, I have been twenty times new set together.

Vilan. Ay, always mending and still growing worse and worse—but come, we'll see him again when he's in better Temper——I begin to suspect—but I'll watch him narrowly.

[Exit Vilan, Gerar.]

The Violence of LOVE.

25

Enter Alphanta, Clara, Boy.

Alph. It was an Error, but 'tis now beyond my Power to redress,—
Where hast thou brought me?

Alon. The Song, Boy.

[Aside to the Boy.

Boy Sings.

I.

Fair, and soft, and gay, and young,
All Charm! she plaid, she danc'd, she sung!
There was no way to scape the Dart,
No care cou'd guard the Lover's Heart.
Ah! why cry'd I, and dropp'd a Tear,
(Adoring, yet despairing e'er
To have her to my self alone.)
Was so much sweetness made for One?

II.

But, growing bolder, in her ear
I in soft Numbers told my care:
She heard, and rais'd me from her feet,
And seem'd to glow with equal heat,
Like Heav'n's, too mighty to express,
My Joys cou'd but be known by guess.
Ah! Fool (said I) what have I done,
To wish her made for more than One?

III.

But long she had not been in view,
Before her Eyes their Beams withdrew:
E'er I had reckon'd half her Charms,
She sunk into another's Arms.
But she that once cou'd faithless be,
Will favour him no more than me:
He too, will find he is undone,
And that she was not made for One.

Alon. Will Inconstancy make her live e'er the longer? or
sweeter relish to her Pleasures? Can it keep her freer from the
future punishment? or lull her Conscience into a softer security
Peace? Hal Boy.

Clara. I need not tell you that Alon. loves you
Ev'n to madness, wou'd it not grieve your Soul

E

To see him thus? and yet, alas! who knows
To what your scorn and his despair may drive him?

Alphan. Prithee, no more, thou and a guilty Conscience will distract
me — come, away.

Alon. O leave me not, thou life-reviving Beauty!
Your Presence has reduc'd my Mind to Reason.

Gazing on you,
I've lost the sense of all my Woes and Cares,
As Vapors vanish when the Sun appears.

Clara. What was it first occasion'd your misfortune?

Alon. Love! the Tyrant Love! that God, that Devil!
That sometimes does assume a Charming Shape,
Shews us a painted Scene of smiling Joy,
And says 'tis all our own; when straight we see
Our Hopes were vain, our Pleasures but a shadow,
As I will instance in a mournful Story.

Alphan. I tremble! O what Wretch would e'er be wicked? [*Aside.*

Alon. There were two Lovers, none more blest than they,
The Man was faithful, and the Woman fair;
Kind were the hours, and, wing'd with pleasures, flew
So fast away, that Months appear'd but Days.
What others do but dream of future Bliss,
And soft Elisian Joys, they tasted here:
And these in such a plenteous measure given,
No Mortal State before so near resembl'd Heaven.

— But, Oh! —

Clara. Go on.

Alon. How vain are Womens Vows?
After all this, she in a trice forsook him,
Forgot the everlasting Love he had sworn,
And, like a Traytreß, left him for another,
Because more Wealthy, and false Fortune's Darling.
But Ah! will Riches ever buy her Peace?
Or make Content wait on her Pomp and Splendor?
No! no! — or if it should, let all Men be
As wicked as they please, for Heaven is blind,
And Vertue but a Notion.

Alphan. Let us go!

There's something in his words that shocks my Soul!

Clara. Pray, Madam, have a moment's patience — well,
And what became of the forsaken Lover?

Alon. At the same time he heard the killing News,
Yes erect towards Heaven, he challeng'd all
The most exact Niceties and Rules of Love
The world had done the slightest thing that might
To say, no! — then, pensive and alone,
Provoke her scorn: then, in solitary Musings pass his hours,

Thoughts

Thoughts met with Thoughts, and overpower'd his Reason;
And now he ranges through the Fields and Forests,
The Wildest Creature there;
His Body expos'd to all the wrath of Heav'n,
Instead of Beds of Down,
A Clod of damp new-fallen Earth's his Pillow,
Instead of Cloth that comes from neighbouring Spain,
He's wrap't in coarsest Rags.
Instead of Food that Luxury invents,
And sprightly Wines, he eats and drinks with Bruits.

Clara. Ingrateful Woman———pray what is her Name?

Alon. A blank———I have bequeath'd it to oblivion:
Tho' she is cruel, I'll not be malicious,
And make her failings publick: but the Man,
The hapless man that was so much abus'd,
Is call'd———*Alonzo.*

[Plucks off his Disguise.

Alphon. *Alonzo!* O my eyes, are now unscal'd!

I see and know! *Alonzo!* Oh *Alonzo!*

[Swoons.

Alon. Help! *Clara!* help! chafe, chafe her Temples gently.
To thy Contrivance I owe this, and if———
I live I will reward thee———Hal! she comes,
Her blood begins to rise, her Checks to glow,

Enter Vilander behind 'em.

Vilan. What's here to do?—ha! frenzy and folly in conjunction—
O sweet Women! worth and honour make their application in vain: but
Fools and Madmen may plead their merit to your favour. [Aside.

Alphon. Where am I now?

Alon. In your *Alonzo's* arms.

Alphon. There let me lie for ever———O my Love!

O how shall I atone this breach of virtue?

Alon. This recompence you make has cancel'd all.

Vilan. One might safely swear, if there were distinction of Sexes in the
Stars, there are not two Females in the whole Firmament. [Aside.

Alphon. If a Repentance but to end with Life

Can expiate my offence, it shall be done.

Alon. O my *Alphonsa!* dare I call you mine?

I must, I will———there is no Heav'n without thee.

O be no more consenting to my guilt.

Alphon. Not for the wealth that both the Indies hold:

No, if I ruine thee it shall be thus,

Thus on thy neck to cling, and breath my Vows

Into thy bosom, to be broke no more

O that my Tongue cou'd but express the Transport

That my heart feels!

Alon. And I too am all Raptur'd

Come close, close to my Breast, my Soul not dearer,
My Joy! my Life! my all!

Clara. Ay, now 'tis as it shou'd be. [Entrance.]

Vilan. No, not just as you wou'd have it neither; tho', in truth, 'tis something near it. — I'll be gone, for fear of the worst. [Exit Vilan.]

Clara. O Heav'n! your Brother, Madam, comes this way!
Nay hast, y're ruin'd by a moments stay. [Exeunt.]

Enter Antonio.

Anto. Methinks I feel not that uncommon pleasure
Which us'd, at other times, to warm my Heart;
Mount to my Eyes, and revel in my Veins;
When the soft Chamber of my Soul was near;
Something, instead of it sits heavy here.

Enter Catalina Veil'd.

But see! she comes! why Dearest this disguise?
Unveil, unveil, and feed my famish'd eyes.
Ha!

Cata. There's something strangely hideous, sure, in me,
That thus can make Antonio start to see. [Cata.]

Anto. Madam, you are what all men else adore:
My heart you know was long engag'd before.
Had I but seen you first,
You first had kind'ld the same lasting Fire;
But I'm so far advanc'd I can't retire.

Cata. I praise your Constancy, — but cannot be
So fond to love the Man, that loves not me;
No longer then let that remain your fear:
A more important thing is now my care.
True, had you kindly the Proposal heard,
My Father made, y'ad met with my regard,
To name no more.

But since my Sister you to me prefer,
That Flame's extinct, I leave you all to her:
And may your Love be equal to her Charms,
And both grow old in one another's Arms.

Anto. Blest be thy Charming Voice! thy gen'rous Prayer
Must needs prevail, the God of Love will hear,
Heav'n ne'er denies Petitioners so Fair.

Cata. And next, Antonio, to show that He
P've once esteem'd, shall ne'er unhappy be,
If ought that may prevent it lies in me.
I have (concern'd to see *Berimbis* mourn)
Desir'd my Father that you might return,

That

That he wou'd joyn your Hands, and make you one:
Which he has freely granted shall be done.

Anto. What Angel's Voice cou'd warble softer sounds?

At once it Charms, amazes, and confounds,
And my untruly Pleasure knows no bounds!

Thus on my knees,

(For under such a favour who can stand?)

With eager Transport let me press your hand!

Here print my thanks with many an earnest kiss, —

And sure *Berintbia* will not grudge you this.

Cata. How blest were I were all this kindness shown

To me? and that these Kisses were my own?

But, as it is, it turns upon a Hinge

That gives the stronger swing to my Revenge.

Anto. But (may I ask you) does your Sister know

What to your matchless goodness she does owe?

And that her Father's mind is alter'd?

Cata. No.

Anto. Then far the happy News I need not bear,

For, by Appointment, she's to meet me here.

Yes, Madam (since you are now declar'd a Friend)

This hour we meant to give our fears an end,

The Priest, hard by, does but our call attend:

In Duty now we'll wait a Father's time,

And mount the Genial Bed without a Crime.

Cata. Nay stay not now your happy News to tell,

And doubt not but from me 'twill do as well.

For your return my Father waits at home,

And will be all impatience till you come.

Hast then, my Lord, be happy while you may,

'Tis Love and Pleasure call —

Anto. And I obey.

Cata. Mount to the Genial Bed? first sink to Hell!

I'd rather have thee Circl'd round with Fire,

Than with *Berintbia's* Arms — but see! she comes,

And I'm with fresh Revenge and Rage inspir'd.

Her Lover I have pleas'd.

But rougher usage to her share must fall;

He had the sweets, but she shall have the Gall.

Enter Berintbia.

Berint. My Sister! what can be her business here?

At once she moves my anger, and my fear:

If the design's discover'd, we're undone,

And if she stay, 'twill certainly be known.

Cata. Alone? how idly do the Lovers prate.

That say no Turtle lives without its Mate?

Berin. I now am not alone, but would thou wert here too! Why don't you, now you hear, with pleasure my song?

Cata. False wretch! I know you would not be alone, A what? But must, for he that you expect is gone.

Berin. What I expect?

Cata. Yes, yes, I have releas'd Him, and his useless Rosie colour'd Priest;

Berin. Woe's ruin'd, how thou'dst the secret learn! Curse Chance! but I must stifle my concern.

Cata. What! does it grieve, because her Bird is flown? Indeed she's likely now to fly alone:

Weak head to lay so shallow a Design, An even Wager that the Man is mine.

Berin. 'Tis but a Sutor gone then, let him go; I'm not the first that has been cozen'd so.

Why thou'dst the loss of a false Love be wept; Whose Heart's not worth the Charge of being kept?

It is not fit a Maid should sigh and sue; Or if it be, I leave that Task to you.

Who, tho' not to be woo'd, know what it is to woo. *Cata.* No more concern'd! she turns me to the heart!

O curse on curse! but she shall have her part, I'll reach her yet, in spite of all her Art.

Well, if I woo, I've done it with success, I'll win you now well wit. Ev'n you that have been woo'd, will find the Gain.

Had the hard Fate been mine, Thus to be trick'd of him I lov'd so dearly,

I wou'd have drain'd my Eyes of every Tear, You bear it tamely, like a mourning Heir.

So tamely, had I no way else to prove The Truth, I'd swear you never were in Love.

And who wou'd think *Berinthia* cou'd appear So easie, and this outward smoothness wear.

When she's within struck thro' the Soul with grief! And, I thank Heav'n, can never hope relief.

Berin. She grates so deep, that I can bear no more! And yet to stoop beneath her rage were poor:

Tho' youngest, I will not be overborn, But meet her rage with rage, and scorn with scorn.

Shou'd all the ills you wish upon me seize, Amid't 'em all, this thought shou'd give me ease:

My loss is not your gain; if false he be, He's not so blind, to make the Change for thee.

But he is true, and not one thought will give From me, tho' sure an Empress wou'd receive.

Then All the spiteful Darts you throw at me Rebound, with a redoubld strength, on thee.

So Envy, in her rage, and her dismay,
Feeds on her self, when she's deprived of Prey.
But above all,
To vex thy Soul, and to encrease thy pain,
I'm pleas'd, and laugh to see thee Love in vain;
Tho' who wou'd think your Charms cou'd meet disdain?

Cata. O Heav'n! I know not what to do, or say!
Too strong to bend, too haughty to obey.
I've rais'd a Devil, that I cannot lay,
My Charms, vain Wretch! here,
Be your self the Judge.

What is there in that Face,
That is not with advantage writ in mine?
Does the Rose there wear a Diviner Blush?
Or can the Lilly shew a softer Tincture?

Berin. I boast not what I am, Pride's worst disease,
I please, without the taking pains to please:
The little Arts of Paint, and Patch, and Dress,
I leave to you that need 'em.

Cata. Confusion! Death! and Hell!
Berin. Rave on, rave on,
No more I'll tremble at a Sister's frown—

Cata. You will not.
Berin. No, by Heav'n,
But rather make that Sister shake at mine.

Cata. Bravely resolv'd.
Berin. And I'll as bravely do it.
Cata. You will?

Berin. I will.
Cata. Blast me with Lightning, Heav'n!
Send Thunder down, and nail me to the Centre.

If thus I tamely bear these vile reproaches,
If you dare urge me further.

Berin. Send down, ye Pow'rs, the same afflictions on me,
If ought that she can do I value more,
Than this frail breath of Air—which now is nothing.

Cata. Be gone, lest you provoke my rage too far,
And draw that vengeance on your guilty head,
Which yet you may avoid.

Berin. I tell thee, once again, I do not fear thee:
So far from it, that if you rail much more,
You'll find I'm not so tame as you imagine.

Cata. Shall find it?
Berin. Ay, is not that Language plain?
Cata. 'Tis wondrous well, ye Gods, 'tis wondrous well!

Berin. No, 'tis not well to see you walk in State,
Admire your haughty Meen, and twirl those Curls
That do so ill become you.

Cata.

Cata. Ill become me?

Berin. Yes, if again you'll hear it—ill become you.

Or else, sure, among all the Race of Men,
Long since, some Fool or other had been found,
That wou'd have thought you worthy of his Love,
And pluck'd the Rose before it had been wither'd.

Cata. I can endure no more!

Look back, thou wretch, look back on me and tremble! [*Shows a Dagger.*

Flye from my sight, this very moment leave me,

Dare not to speak, or make the least reply,

Be still as if the sleep of Death had seiz'd thee!

I'll bury else this Dagger in thy Heart,

And let the hot blood out, that this does brave me.

Berin. Dare not to speak?

Cata. No, dare not for thy Soul!

Berin. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Cata. D'ye laugh, Minx?

Berin. Yes, I do,

And—(to give you yet more torture) 'tis at you.

Cata. Nay, then it is vain to trifle longer,

You've drawn my vengeance to the highest bent,

And thus I let it loose.

Berin. And thus I meet it.

[*Moves toward her.*
Shows her Dagger.

D'ye start?—I'm now provided for you.

Yes, here I throw the tame observance off

That's due to Elder blood:

Thy haughty Carriage shall no longer awe me:

For so, proud Wretch, may I be blest, or curs'd,

As here I stand and dare, fearless your worst.

Cata. Where got she all this Spirit? or is mine

Transfus'd into her breast? her rage does flow,

And mine begins to ebb—let me consider—

[*Aside.*

Taking her Life may now endanger mine:

No, my Revenge must work a closer way.

But why do I thus vex and chafe my self?

[*Aside.*

The Fatal Draught already is prepar'd:

Her next sleep is her last.

Berin. What, Madam, are you cool again?

Cata. I am.

Berin. Then I have got a Cordial that will warm you.

Tho' I am banish'd from Antonio's sight,

I'll banish him from thine.

Or, say it be thy chance to see him more,

Thou shalt be met with scorn, but I with Love,

With all the Love that longing Maids can wish for.

Nay, in your sight I'll pant upon his Breast,

Die in his Arms, melt into Charms away,

And

And think of nothing but of Love and Pleasure!
While you, despis'd, unpittied, and forlorn,
Hang down your head, and curse our happy State,
But curse in vain, for all the Pow'rs above
Shall brand you with his Hate, and Crown me with his Love.

Cata. Have you said all?

Berim. What if I have, or have not?

Cata. I wou'd have beg'd your leave to've made my Answer.

Berim. You'll take it, I suppose.

Cata. I will, by Heav'n!

And every word I speak shall make thee pale:
The shrieks of Owls, the groans of dying Men,
Compar'd with what I tell thee, shall be Musick:
That dear lov'd man, that Idol of your Heart,
That Spring from whence you drink whole draughts of Love,
And, never satisfy'd, still thirst for more,
Shall never lie with Rapture in your Arms,
Ne'er taste the Sweets of his belov'd *Berimbis*;
Ne'er languish with delight, or faint with pleasure:
To sum up all in one Prophetick word,
(A word which, like an angry Thunderbolt,
Shall all thy Faculties of Sense destroy)
The Man you Love, you never shall enjoy.

[Exit *Cata*.]

Berim. She's gone! and her last words a passage find
To my sad Soul, and leave a sting behind:
I went too far, yet scarce can be reprov'd,
Angels had done so, had they so been mov'd.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE A Chamber of State.

Enter *Ansilva*.

Ansil. LET me think a little—If I succeed in this Business my
Life may answer it; if I miscarry I'm discarded;

Dingo, too, makes no advance towards Marriage,

I must set up my rest then in *Gerardo*,

Tho' but on scurvy terms.

Help me, dissimulation,

To fill this Sponge, with hopes that I'll comply,

And if he Marrys me, I'll squeeze him dry.

F

Enter

Enter Gerar do.

Gerar. Gad ! here she is, and the Devil has got such an attendant over me, that I must attempt her again. Lewdness, like an old Beggar, takes no denial, but gets more by importunity, than Modesty can by merit. — In contemplation ? I'll observe her.

Ansil. 'Tis true he's Old, but of a generous temper :

Did he solicit me the lawful way,
His Suit wou'd soon be granted.

Gerar. Hum — my Amour goes on very luckily.

Ansil. I must confess, indeed, th' ill-natur'd World
Heaps strange Invectives on him; says he's one
That will bequeath his Riches to a Whore,
Rather than get a lawful Heir in Wedlock.

Gerar. So —

Ansil. But were this so (as I believe it is not)
His lively disposition makes amends.

A Cheerful Husband's a continual comfort :

He has a thousand ways to please a Wife,

Beside that one destroy'd in the enjoyment ;

That fustom blifs that makes the vulgar joy,

Who aim but at the sensual part of pleasure.

When 'tis a mutual temper makes us happy.

Gerar. Nay then, agad, 'tis all serious, and I'll shew my self.

Ansil. Ah —

Gerar. You have confess, my dear, and you shall have an easi Absolution;

Ansil. Betray'd ! undone ! I'll blush my self to death !

Gerar. The Wind's chop'd about of a sudden, and sits fair for a Voyage to the Island of Love —

But, Child, to be in earnest, you must needs think Diego the more agreeable Person ; were I a Virgin I shou'd let him —

Ansil. Hang himself.

Gerar. Ha ! ha ! ha !

I love thee the better for hating that Prig. To day I took thee in the purging of thy Gall ; now thou art all luscious, and season'd to the Pallat of an Epicure — There only wants the dishing up, and then —

Ansil. You'd fall on without saying Grace, I warrant.

Gerar. Ay, what else ? I shou'd be a Madman in such a case, to make use of a Chaplain : — But, come, now thou'rt in a good humour, I'll give thee my Favourite Song.

Take not a Woman's anger ill,
But let this be your Comfort still,
That if one won't, another will.
Tho' she that's Follish does deny,
She that is Wiser will comply ;
And if 'tis but Woman, what care I ?

Then

Then who'd be damnd to swear untrue?
And sigh and weep, and whine and woo,
As all our supple Concombs do?
All Women love it, and tho' this
Does suddenly forbid the Bliss,
Try but the next, and you cannot miss.

Ansil. Oh! Oh! ———

Gerar. Ha! what's the matter?

Ansil. Sick! sick in my Head! my Stomach!

You us'd to have good Cordials in your Closet, *Gerardo.*

Gerar. Ah Rogue! — the best Surfeit-Water in the Kingdom: a dram has brought several to life, I'll assure you — you'll find in a short time how powerfully 'twill quicken.

Ansil. Away, I'll follow: 'tis not fit we should be seen together.

Gerar. Don't go the Gallery way, but come thro' my Chamber.

Ansil. For what?

Gerar. For what? O Lord! O Lord! what should we do at my Chamber, but — come you shall guess what now, you shall guess, Child.

Ansil. Nay, if I trouble you, I can have some of my Lady.

Gerar. She's in need enough her self; you see she's running mad for't — Well, I'll go open the Gallery door, for what? ha! ha! [Exit Gerar.]

Ansil. I have rais'd his expectation, but on purpose indeed to deceive it; if I keep him keen, perhaps he may cut thro' his discretion to Marriage. Heav'n! what Monsters are we forc'd to embrace for convenience? His Closet's a perfect Apothecary's Shop, furnish'd with all sorts of Drugs, and his Conduct indeed has made it but necessary — He, perhaps, gives the Disease to his House-keeper; she stoops as low as to the Horses heels, and transmits it to the Groom; he conveys it from the Stable to the Landry, and from thence it goes back with the clean Linnen to their Master. So that the Pox in his Family, like the blood in his Veins, is in a perpetual Circulation. [As she is going off,

Enter Sebastian.

Sebast. Pray tell Alphanta I am here,
And shon'd esteem her Company a favour.

Ansil. I will, my Lord.

Sebast. She's but a Woman, and she may be false, [Exit Ansil.]
We have now Examples of their frailty —

I am to blame — Villander — [Goes to the Door]

Enter Alphanta, Clara, and speak Entring.

Clara. To Night?

Alphon. At Twelve.

And meets me in the Grove.

Let every thing that I shall want be ready.

[Exit Clara.]

Enter Vilander.

Sebas. But here she is, and all y^eave said is cancell'd :
I cannot see her and believe a Sin,
(So Fair she is without) can Lodge within.

Vilan. Is't that you call'd me back for ?

[Is going.]

Sebas. Stay a little.

Alphan. What means all this ? pray Heav'n I'm not discover'd ! [Aside.]

Sebas. While thus I gaze upon thy Lovely face,
Where Innocence does seem to sit Enthron'd,
With all the lesser Graces waiting on,
Methinks thou shou'dst be Faithful.

Alphan. Ha ! my Lord !

What means th^e ambiguous Phrase ? I shou'd be Faithful ?
What Hell-bred Villain can affirm the contrary ?

Vilan. So——I'm well enough serv'd.——If e're I endeavour again to
keep Fool and Strumpet from Coupling, may I marry a Punk, live a Pimp,
and die of the Pox ; a Lineal succession, Madam. [Aside.]

Sebas. Nay hold, Vilander,

I'll Reason it a little Calmly with you.

Did not her Brother give her to my Arms ?

Has she not since in publick own'd her Passion ?

Can any one without the loss of Reason

Quit Virtue, Pleasure, Riches, State and Honour

And all to run into a Madman's Arms ?

Vilan. I told you he's some Nobleman disguis'd,
And sensible as I am.

Sebas. That may be,

And yet his Brain distemper'd——

The Man that truly Loves does never doubt ;

'Tis Vulgar to distrust : My Soul acquits her.

Alphan. My Lord, I now perceive what wrought your Change,

And thank you that your thoughts are like your self,

Noble and Brave in spite of black Aspertion.

I grant indeed, at Claras earnest suit

I went to see this Lunatick he speaks of,

To know of him the Story of his Love,

For that we judg'd had brought him to distraction :

And while he eagerly pursu'd his Tale,

Sometimes to Clara, once or twice to me,

He cry'd thus, thus she Swore, thus she Embrac'd me,

And clasp'd his Arms about us.

Sebas. D'ye here Vilander ?

Vilan. Yes,

[Thunder and Lightning.]

Heav'n hears her too, and redd'ns at the Sound ;

But she has got a Secret against blushing.

Alphan.

The Violence of LOVE.

37

Alphan. O frontless Impudence ! my Lord, let's leave him ;
He is not fit to breath where Lovers are.

Sebas. Not fit to live that cou'd wrong one so fair,
And but his Blood some shew of ours contains,
It had not now been running in his Veins, [Exit *Sebas.* *Alphan.*

Vilan. Credulous Wretch ! — Here comes another too,
Doubly belov'd, yet can't be singly happy.

Enter Antonio, Vilarezo.

O Woman ! Woman ! Woman ! only giv'n
To plague Mankind — Hell in the shape of Heav'n. [Exit *Vilan.*

Anto. 'Tis done ! 'tis done ! the mystick Union's made,
And now the bright *Berinthia's* all my own !
But why, my Lord, did she so soon take leave ?
E're I cou'd turn to kiss her she was gone,
When e'en the Ceremony scarce was done.

Vilar. 'Twas by my Order to prepare for Bed,
For till to-morrow I'd not have it known.
This is the door. [Thunder.

The Storm grows lowder still.
My Lord good Night ; I wish you much more bliss
Than can be had in such a Night as this. [Thunder.

Anto. Good Night my Lord — and let the Thunder roarl ?
The Body Lust may fear, but Love's the Soul :
Lockt fast in lawful Joys, we shall not hear
This Rack of Heav'n and loud Ætherial War :
One broken Murmur, one short Sigh in Love
Will seal our Ears, and drown those Peals of Jove. [Exit *Anto.*

Vilar. He's gone ! how far is Innocence from Fear-?
And yet methinks, 'tis strange
The Fumes of Wine shou'd dissipate so soon :
He was ev'n deeper fluster'd than I wish'd,
And scarce cou'd speak the Matrimonial Words
After the Priest,
Now he's as fresh as if he had just awoke
Love that makes many warmer than their Wine,
Has call'd his Reason back and broke the Charm.
I doubt the Issue, but it must be known.
Were it to do, it never shou'd be done. [Exit *Vilar.*
[Thunder.

Enter Antonio, Catalina in her Night-Gown, following.

Anto. Fool ! wretched Fool ! so to mistake the Door !
Perdition, Death and Horror ! She's got up
And follows me !

Cata.

Cata. My Lord, where are you going!

Anto. Madam, be not surpriz'd, 'twas a mistake;
The Terror of the Night misled my steps:
Heav'n knows it was no willful fault——

Cata. A Fault? where shou'd you be but there?
I hope you did not doubt a kind Reception.

Anto. Her words make a stagnation in my blood,
And num my Soul with horror! my Knees knock
Against each other, and I know not why!——

Madam, good night; the peace of Saints attend you.

Cata. O Heav'n and Earth, my Lord, you are not going!

Anto. Going! why?

Cata. Will you not come to Bed?

Anto. To Bed! what can she mean?

Either she's craz'd, or she has dreamt of Love,
And I have took her in the easie moment.

What have you seen in me to make you think
I'd ever come between Incestuous Sheets?

Cata. Incest, my Lord! you dream. *Anto.* I wish I did.

Cata. Then Wedlock is a frightful state indeed:
What? Incest with your Wife?

Anto. My Wife!——tho' in my mind I'd sworn to go,
And not to answer thee one other word.

Tho' ev'n the Tongues of Angels had enjoy'd me,
That sound has call'd me back!——but speak again.

(If 'tis as I suspect, I'm lost for ever.)

Speak! did you say my Wife?

Cata. I did, my Lord:

I am your loving, true, obedient Wife.

This night the Holy Priest did joyn our hands,
And——

Anto. Curse us both eternally!

Cata. My Lord!

Anto. Call him not holy; Vilain, Atheist, Epicure,
Are terms too full of Sanctity to give him,
For he that joyn'd our hands, is damn'd for ever!

Cata. I'm sorry, then, that I shou'd name him to you:
But you, my Lord, must know——

Anto. Not I, by Heav'n! 'tis all a dream to me,
Or less, I have no certain Image of it.

My Comfort is, my will was not consenting.

Cata. If what I tell you's false——

Anto. Thou art an Angel!

If otherwise, a Fiend that took my hand
To lead me to Damnation!

Cata. The Heav'nly Powers forbid.

Anto. No, they Command it:

[Aside.

[Aside.

[Aside.

The

The just Reward of Violated Faith,
And foul Intemperance. O Beast! O Sor!
Dare we assume the awful Name of Men,
And drench our selves beyond all Moderation?
Never considering, as the Liquor flows
Our Reason ebbs, and we are turn'd to Bruits.

Cata. Alas! my Lord, what would not you have done
To've made the Woman you ador'd your own?

Blame not a Fault occasion'd by my Love,
Which Fate too, by permitting, seems to approve.

[To under

Auto. Approve it? Yes, your Eyes and Ears are Witness.
Can you with all this Light not see your Crime?
Nor hear Heav'n's Vengeance bursting o'er our Heads
In these prodigious Peals?

Did my Flesh prompt me to th' unholy Deed,
This Night would lop away all loose Desires,
And make me cold, as if I'd fed on Camphire:
The Ravisher himself would now turn pale,
And rather than attempt to act new Sins,
Fall on his Knees for Mercy for the old.

[Thunder,

Cata. Vex not your self, my Lord, the Sin be mine.
Why do you tremble? See, it moves not me.
To Bed, to Bed! I'll take thee in my Arms,
Drive thy pale Fears away, and let you see
You but resist your own Felicity.

Auto. Tho' there is Impudence in every Sin,
Lust is the most audacious of 'em all.
No, wretched Creature, no——how close you're
Others are brought by Marriage, between us
It puts a distance wider than the Poles.
I'll ne'er think on thee but with Detestation,
Ne'er speak of thee but as a mortal Foe;
Ne'er see thee, but I'll shun thee as the Plague,
Nor know thee as a Wife.——So help me Heav'n!
And so farewell for ever.

[Is going.
[Kneels.

Cata. Hold! O hold!
As you'd be thought to be of human Race,
As you'd have her that you adore be happy;
As you would save my Soul from Desperation,
And at your latest Gasp rely on Mercy:
O hear me! hear me! hear me!

Auto. What canst thou say to win regard? or do
To make me Reparation?

Cata. Expose me not to the reproachful World,
Let me not be the Grin of Vulgar Women:
For you I scorn'd Mankind, and broke thro' all
Impediments, all Ties, to reach your Bosom.

The

The Fruit is blushing ripe, and waits your pull;
Ah! throw it not before you've tasted from you.

Anto. I've sworn! I've sworn! — Away audacious Woman!

Cata. No, you're my own, and 'tis a Sin to leave you:

I'll follow like your Shadow, round the World,
Till you encline to Mercy!

Anto. Never! never!

If to unswear my Oath be to have Mercy,
I shall be more than cruel.

Cata. Nay, drag me, dash my Body on the Floor,
I'll hold the faster — Since w're join'd for Life,
'Tis only Death shall part us!

Anto. Let him come,
His mortal Frown wou'd now
Charm my Soul more than all the Smiles of Mercy.
Away! —

Cata. O cruel! monstrous! and unchristian!
Was ever any Bride before us'd thus
Upon the Marriage Night? when all her Hopes
Were full, and every Wifh was ripe for Joy —
O yet relent and save me!

Anto. Save your self
By a well-tim'd Repentance, but from me
Expect no Pity, but my mortal Curses.
Let go Witch! Woman! Fury! or, by Heav'n,
I'll cut away thy Hold.

Cata. O all ye Pow'rs! — I am your Wife, my Lord!
It is your Wife that kneels! your Wife! your Wife!
Will nothing, nothing charm him!

Anto. That the least
Of all that thou canst say — A Wife? Damnation!

Cata. O I can bear no more —
If you're a Man, and hope for Heav'n, support me.

Anto. Ha!
In charity I'll save thee from the Fall.

Enter Diego hastily.

Could not thy Diligence prevent this ruine?

Dieg. O! no, my Lord; I heard of it too late —

Anto. Here, *Diego*,

Hold her, and when the Fit is over, follow.

I'll take this opportunity to go.

Yet something bids me stay — It must not be,

Why should I pity her that tortures me?

To love in vain, we think a wretched state;

But what is Wedlock with a Wife we hate?

All

All human Woes in one compendious Ill;
Happy is he that can exchange for Hell.

[*Exit. Anto.*]

Cata. Oh! —

Unhand me Trayton! Caytiff! Villain! Devil!

[*Exit. Diego.*]

Cata. Horror! Disgrace! Confusion! Death and Hell!

What gone? Destruction trace him step by step,

And endless Torment be his slightest Pain!

Why, this is yet more barbarous than the rest,

To leave me in the strug'lings of my Soul,

Undress'd, and in th' Embraces of his Slave.

Brutal, unmannerly, unlinew'd Villain!

Vain Love; adieu! unworthy of the Rule,

Revenge, a better Master, holds the Reign,

And with relentless Fury Steels my Soul.

Ansilva — O be quick — Had not my Plot

Been deeply laid, how much had I been fool'd?

Enter Ansilva trembling. Thunder.

Ansil. O, Madam! —

Cata. What's the matter? ha! why shak'st thou?

And why thy Cheeks so pale? Not answer me?

By Heaven then all's not well! Yet speak it out,

And ease my tortur'd Soul.

Ansil. Then take the worst at once, your Sister's gone.

Cata. The worst? The best — You should have told me sooner,

I meant to see, and triumph o'er her Death:

But as it is, it true Revenge will be,

For now he neither shall have her, nor me.

Ansil. O you mistake my meaning! She is fled,

This Minute gone, and our Design discover'd:

For on her Table lay her Parrot dead,

His Beak all stain'd with that Abortive Potion,

Which we design'd shou'd reach a nobler Fate.

Cata. Gone? Impossible! It must not be:

Swallow thy Lye, or Hell will swallow thee!

Ansil. 'Tis true! 'tis true! And, which is worst of all,

Anselma the Companion of her flight,

I saw him hurrying her away; e'er this

They are beyond our reach.

Cata. O frontless Strumpet!

[*Lays hold on her.*]

None more more sure than that thou hast betray'd me,

How could'st thou else be known? Tell how, and when,

Or else, by Heaven, I'll nail thee to the Ground.

[*Shows a Dagger.*]

Ansil. O, Madam! I confess, *Diego* —

Cata. Hold —

For better thought, I'll give you not that trouble.

[*Stabs her.*]

Ansil. Murder — Oh! —

[*Dies.*]

Cata. Enough's confess already.

So — now disclose the Secret. — Murder! Murder!

Sure they are as fast as the, or else this Storm,
Without my Cries, wou'd wake 'em — Murder! Murder!

Enter several Servants.

Go ring th' Alarum Bell, call up my Father
From his soft Rest, to see this horrid sight;
That wou'd make Tygers melt into Compassion!
Away! —

[Exit Servants.]

Enter Sebastian, Villander.

O, Brother! but y^e are come too late, see there
Where poor *Anselmus* lies, stabb'd by *Antonio*.

Sebast. Have a care what you say.

Cata. Nay, it is true,

As I shall hope for Mercy. O, *Anselmus*!

More than a Servant, for thou wast my Friend:

Thou'rt gone! thou'rt gone! and I shall mourn thy Memory.

Sebast. Strange Accident! — Haste, call *Alphonso* hither. *[Exit Siro.]*

Vilan. Ha! my Lord, say that she can't be found.

The Lunatick is gone, none knows which way,

And I believe she wou'd not stay behind him.

Enter Villarezo. Thunder.

Vilar. What Cries are these, that to a Night so dismal
Can yet add further Horror?

Cata. There's the cause:

See poor *Anselmus* weltring in her Blood,

Kill'd by that cursed Villain, false *Antonio*.

Was ever any Woman forc'd before,

To accuse her Husband of a deed so horrid,

Upon her Bridal Night?

Sebast. Her Husband, says she?

Vilan. Yes, and tells you true!

This Night I drank *Antonio* to a pitch,

And in his Mirth he marry'd *Catalina*.

Not in the least perceiving the Deceit.

Sebast. O stain to Hospitality and Honour!

What have you done?

Vilan. Done that that pleas'd me best;

Th' Exchange is for his good;

And tho' I have depriv'd *Berimbis* of him,

Thou hast him fast; he is thy Brother still.

But at *Anselmus*'s Murder I'm amaz'd,

And more to hear *Antonio* was the Actor.

Cata. As soon as e'er he came into my Chamber,

He put aside the Curtain with his Hand

And, seeing me, broke out into such Terms,

Courage it self wou'd have turn'd pale to hear.

When from behind I heard *Berimbis*'s Voice

Cry, Had her, or expect no Joy from me.

With that he wound one hand into my Hair,

And in the other held his Ponyard drawn;
And just as he advanc'd his curld Arm,
Anfilus rush'd betwixt,
Thinking to break the Blow, and in her Breast
Receiv'd the Stroke he did intend to me.
Mean while I left the Room and call'd for help.
When I came back I found *Anfilus* gone,
And poor *Anfilus* (who I know not how
Had straggler'd hither) breathing out her last.

Vilar. O worse than Devils damnd: Search, find 'em out,
(Is this the Sister you extol for Vertue?) [To *Sebast*.
By Heav'n they shall be us'd with utmost Rigor.

Cata. Alas! You'll search in vain, they've took their flight,
He has in triumph born his Prize away.

Vilar. What Prize d'ye mean? *Cata*. My Sister.

Vilar. He could not be so base!

Cata. You'll find he was, and worse than I have spoke him.
See at your Feet your wretched Daughter kneel: [Kneels.

Let not my Sister glory in her Crimes,
And triumph o'er my Vertue: Nor let him
That could so basely use me, go unpunish'd.
My Injuries surmount all human Pardon.
What Salve is there for violated Honour?

To you I, kneeling, make the same Request, [To *Sebast*.
I am your Sister, is *Bernabia* more?

O pity me, by too much Love betray'd:
Revenge a slighted, and a murder'd Maid.

Vilar. Revenge d'ye say? Nay, we will have Revenge.
My Son, what in a Dream?

Sebast. I'm thinking, if 'tis possible my Friend
Could be so great a Villain.

Vilar. 'Tis too sure.

Enter a Servant hastily and whispers Sebastian.

Sebast. How? not at her Apartment?

Serv. No, my Lord,
Nor in the House I'm certain; for she's left
Her things in such disorder, as does shew
She went in haste, and meant not to return.

Sebast. O Woman! Woman! damnd inconstant Sex!
Dare you to please us, but resolv'd to vex.

The Plagues you heap on Man, the Strifes and Cares,
Are far more hurtful than his Sins, or Hairs.
Perjury's your Sport: your Vows you from you blow,
As little wanton Boys their Babbles do.

We please our selves, like them, with looking on,
But wink, the gawdy, brittle Thing is gone.

Vilar. What is he said?

Serv. No, my Lord, he's just come to his Senses.

*Sebast. Alphanta, Sir, in whom I centred all
My Hope of worldly Joy,
Is with a loose Impostor fled away,
That feign'd himself a mad Man;
Her Brother too, that outsid of a Friend,
Was privy to their Flight, it must be so;
There's not a Circumstance but does confirm
That, by agreement, they're all gone together.
Say quickly, Sir, what wou'd you have me do?
For I am all Revenge.*

*Vilar. Be not so Violent. As for Alphanta,
If she is false, you may be glad y'ave mist her.
But follow him with all the speed you can,
Demand thy Sister — but, upon my Blessing,
Observe me, let no Violence be shown:
If he refuse to send her back, I'll use
No Sword but Law. Partly I'm in the Fan't,
And partly I must suffer. — Heaven protect thee.*

Sebast. I'll take such Measures as shall not displease you.

[*Ex. Sebast.*

*Vilar. The Night's deliver'd of her monstrous Birth;
Nature does groan as if she wou'd expire,
The Bolts fly thick, the Clouds drop liquid Fire!
O Conscience! We are Cowards made by Sin;
I shou'd not fear if all were well within.*

[*Thunder.*

[*Ex. Vilar.*

Easter Gerardo. Thunder.

*Gerat. Where? where are these Thieves? these Murderers? — 'Gad I
believe a man may be as safe in their Company as any where else. — D'ye
hear what a Rattle there is above Stairs?*

*Vilar. Presumptuous Wretch! See where your Mistress lies,
Snatch'd from the World, by an untimely Fate,
In all her gawdy Bloom.*

*Gerat. Now? dead! Murder! — hum — 'tis no ill sort of Disap-
pointment tho' — every thing consider'd, I know not well whether 'tis
most proper to be merry, or sad.*

*Vilar. What? is the death of a Mistress no more? — I find he that has
no Religion, has but little Humanity.*

*Gerat. Why faith, Vilar, most unmercifully this Night she intended to
have hamper'd me for Life — How she might have prov'd is uncertain.
Now there's no Fau't to be found.*

Vilar. How? intended to have marry'd you?

*Gerat. Ay, the Priest, the Leech-monger is waiting in my Chamber. I
left him crossing himself as if his Conscience had been troubl'd with the sins
of the Lights, or thrown up his Sins of Plurality, Simony, Heterodoxy and
Eride, for want of taking a Dram of Arsenick for Digestion.*

*Vilar. What wou'dst thou think of that Man that had the kch thirty
Years ago, and shou'd now desire to be scratch'd for it? Thy thoughts of a
Wife at this time of Day is equally ridiculous.*

Gerat. Very fine Doctrine, — 'tis Marriage unlawful then?

[*Vilar.*

Vilan. Ay, no doubt, when the end of it is perverted: What canst thou propagate but Diseases? I wonder what Argument prevail'd on thee to think of entering into Wedlock.

Gerar. Why be that has his Hell here may the better hope to be excus'd hereafter.

Vilan. How will it fare with you, then, who are pleas'd; y^e are without that Excuse?

Gerar. Agad let what will come, I'm glad 'tis as 'tis. — What Marriage is we have wofull Experience: What t'other Hell is we have none: And why shou'd another Man's Fears of an Imaginary Limbo make me run into one that is real?

Vilan. Cautiously consider'd truly. And whither d'y^e think Fornication will carry you?

Gerar. Hum — Fornication — take up the Body. I'm resolv'd I'll be at the Charge of a Monument for her, and have an Epitaph engrav'd on't that shall preserve her Memory to Posterity, and stand Candidate for the Eight Wonder of the World.

Vilan. And pray what must that be?

Gerar. Under this Marble there is laid,

One of Fifteen that dy'd a Maid.

That's the wonder, Sir, her living a Maid so long. — But come, bring her away, bring her away.

[*Ex. Gerar. Serv. with the Body.*]

Vilan. How hard it is ill Habits to remove?
In vain does Man, in vain does Heav'n reprove:

To swift Destruction wilfully w^are bent,

For no Man's damn'd without his own Consent.

[*Ex. Vilan. Thunder.*]

ACT V.

SCENE, *A private part of the Grove.*

Enter Diego, Julia.

Diego. **T**HIS Day, and never yet was Day so welcome!
Some milder Planet now does rule the Skies,
And once more we may hope the Sun will rise.

Julia. Indeed 'twas lately what we might despair of.
But y^e have not told me yet. (For I, you know,
Was sent before) by what sad Accident
You brought *Alphonsus* with you.

Diego. As soon as ever we got clear of the House,
We heard, and by the Lightning might perceive
Some Company behind us: They believ'd
They were safer, and we, we were pursu'd:
Thus, resolute, and jealous of each other,
Both they and we betook us to our Swords.
But while we were engag'd and breathing high,

We heard a Voice cry, Hold *Alonzo*! hold!
 It is my Brother! You have spoken too late,
 Said he, 'tis thy Brother, dark as 'tis,
 I fear he has reach'd my Heart: Then sinking down,
 He sigh'd and cry'd, *Alphanta*! O farewell!
 With that she fainted too, and both together fell.
Julia. Surprising Chance! both pitiful and dismal!
 But what was this *Alonzo*?

Diego. One, it seems,
 To whom *Alphanta* had been long contracted.
 He understanding 'twas her Brother's Mind
 To match her to *Sebastian*, follow'd her
 From *Sevil* in disguise, to prove her Faith,
 And to prevent her Marriage:
 In that successful, (for this Night he meant
 To bear her off) but in the rest most wretched:
 We left him there for dead, and in a swoon
 Brought poor *Alphanta* hither.

Julia. Wretched Pair!
 But can my Lord hope here to be secure?

Diego. We had, indeed, been in a safer Place,
 But for our fatal meeting with *Alonzo*.
 The only Hope we have, is, That they won't
 Conceive we've stop'd so nigh 'em: Yet, for fear
 The Cottage shou'd be search'd, my Lord will stay
 Here in the Grove till he can see *Sebastian*,
 And privately with him consult his Safety.
 But pray how did your Lady take the News
 Of the unhappy Marriage?

Julia. With all the Pangs of disappointed Love!
 With Grieving, Raving, Swoonings and Despair!
 They come——— and see, the Storm is yet not o'er.

Enter Antonio, Berinthia.

Berinthia. Urge it no more! you should have told me sooner.
 Through Blood and Horror you have brought me here;
 But cou'd my Fate have been severer there?
 Depriv'd of you, 'tis Death must be my Doom,
 But with less Guilt I cou'd have dy'd at home.

Antonio. Why dost thou, thus, the Reins to Sorrow give?
 We may have many happy Days to live.

Berinthia. O no! we never can be happy here;
 Look forward and the Prospect's all Despair!
 The Law has fix'd a Gulf betwixt us two,
 You cannot come to me, nor I to you.
 The Maze of Love we tread with weary Feet,
 But backward tread, and we must never meet.

Antonio. The Law! Why we'll appeal to higher Pow'rs:
 Tho' Law's on their side, Conscience is on ours.

The holy Tye of Wedlock was not meant
To make us fast without our own Consent:
Where first the Union of the Mind's not made;
Alas! we are not marry'd, but betray'd.

Beris. Could this be done—— But O! I do not dare
To hope so far.

Anton. Nor ought you to despair.

Beris. But, if all Means should fail, what must we do?
Suppose the worst.

Anton. Only continue true.

To what e'er rigid Fate I am design'd,
I must be Fortunate if you are Kind:
Your Love, like Oil, will on the Surface flow,
And cover all the Grief that lies below.

Beris. Then since in Love's bright Track so far we are gone,
Tho' Destiny oppose, I'll now keep on.
Clasp'd in thy Arms, I'll banish all my Fears,
All that my Father threatens, or Sister dares;
Nor from thee part but with expiring Breath,
And scarcely then, but hold thee fast in Death.

[Embrace.]

Enter Alphanta.

Alphanta. O Brother! Nay, don't turn in Anger from me,
I'll Trouble you no more:

I'm come to make my last Complaint, and die.

You've laid a Load of Misery upon me,

Enough to bow down *Atlas*;

Cropt off my Pleasures in the Bloom of Youth

So close, they'll spring no more!

O you shall know how wretched you have made me,

And what a Treasure you have robb'd me off:

The brave, the kind *Alonso*!

His Soul was Love, and all his Life was Honour!

Three Years he groan'd beneath my Pride and Scorn,

When nothing but a Love like his could Pardon:

And in return of this, what could I less

Than plight him my eternal Faith? I did,

Yet, perjur'd Creature that I was, forsook him.

He found that I was Faithless, yet forgave; I

Took me all spaced with the Breach of Love,

Receiv'd me, blest me, warm'd me in his Bosom.

And when we thought our selves secure and happy,

You met him, murder'd him.

Anton. I did not know him.

'Twas your own Fault that pull'd his Ruine on:

You ought, at first, to've own'd your Passion for him.

Alphanta. I did! I did! as far as I durst own it:

You knew what 'twas to Love, knew that I lov'd,

And ought not to have forc'd my Inclination:

For twice your finger wound the same Complaint,
And that has made me thus.
Have I not Reason now to be attracted
To fear my Fate and curse the Partial Fate?
Hear me, thou cruel Brother! You shall hear me!
What Satisfaction, Tyrant, can you make me?
Unless you cou'd command the dead to rise?
And that you shall do! now! about it quickly!
Raise him all Love, as when first he charm'd me,
With every Grace and blooming Wonder on!
If he but lose one precious drop of Blood,
Heav'n, Earth and Hell, revenge it!
Revenge my murder'd Love! my dear *Alonso*!

Alonso. Take care of her.

'Tis true, I had Advice from *Serv* of her Love,
And by her Carriage did her Passion guess,
But never thought she lov'd to this excess.

Enter Diego.

Diego. *Sebastian*, my Lord, is at the Cottage,
He knows y'are hereabouts, and says that he will speak with you.

Alonso. He shall shew him the way.

[*Exit Diego*.]

Enter Sebastian.

O, *Sebastian*! Since I saw thee last
Strange Things have happen'd—— but I'm glad y'are come,
I else had sent to tell you that, last Night,
My Sister——

Sebast. Prov'd her self
As treacherous as you.
I know it, and a long adieu to Love!
Thou art what ever yet was false in Man;
She, all that's damn'd in Women!

Alonso. How? prithee go no further.
She's faulty, but, good Friend, do not abuse her.

Sebast. Call not me Friend, for I disdain the name.
For sake one Sister and defame the other,
What canst thou hope from fawning on their Brother?

Alonso. What does Heav'n mean! and wither's Friendship fled?
Thou canst not be so base to justify
Thy Father's shameful Fraud.

Sebast. 'Twas kindly meant, how e'er unkindly done,
And did not merit such a base return.

Suppose I had two Jewels, and bestow'd
On thee that which I lov'd and wou'd most;
Must you, because you think the other best,
Turn Thief and force it from me?

Inhospitable, frontless, black Design!
But know, my Lord, your Prize you shall retain.

Alonso. I shall resign?

Sebast. I say it once again,
You shall resign.—— Was't not Ingratitude
Enough? But you must add a Murder too,
That shames the name of Man.

Anton. Nay, use a milder Word:
Murder, to kill the Man that would kill me?

Sebast. The Man? ha! ha! y^e are merry.—— Well,
Justice will shortly bring you t^e an Account;
Therefore of that no more.—— As for my Sister,
Her I require, and in the name of Friendship
(If yet y^e have any left) I here adjure you
To stand her back, while yet her Shame's a secret,
To her afflicted Father.

Beris. O Brother? have but Patience, and I'll prove
My self as free from Guilt
As the severest Vertue can desire.

Sebast. Then y^e are resolv'd to stay?

Beris. I must not, dare not, nay, nor ought to leave him:
Who, when h^e had found his fatal Error, that,
Instead of me, he had marry'd *Catalina*,
Despisd her, loath'd her, left her unenjoy'd!
Bless him ye Pow'rs! He left her unenjoy'd!
Illustrious proof of Love! That cou'd prefer
Misery with me before the Bridal-Bed with her.

Sebast. And you'll protect her?

Anton. With my Life and Fortune,
Till, by due course of Law, I win, or lose her.

Sebast. [*Aside to Anton.*] This place is private, and will be convenient.
Get rid of her, I'll instantly return. [Ex. Sebast.]

Beris. You seem disturb'd, my Lord!
O tell me! tell! What did my Brother say?
Why was his fatal Meaning hid from me?

Anton. Thy Brother has been long my only Friend;
Thou thy self, all lovely as thou art,
I hardly hold more dear.

From budding Childhood up to Man's Estate,
We lov'd with such a Love as far surpass
The celebrated Pair so fam'd of old.

Our Natures are the same: And canst thou think
We ever shall do, or mean each other harm?

How canst thou give not such smooth Words to varnish o'er
What my sad Soul too certainly signifies!

When once the Sacred Union does unclose,
The greatest Friends are the most mortal Foes.

That Union's firm, my Love, so wond'rous firm,
Was all the Works of Nature now to end,
That would dissolve the last; or, rather not
Dissolve at all: A Flame so pure as ours,

Has no Corporeal part. — Therefore I may
The faster go. —

Beris. Heav'n! whither wou'd you go?
Can you be better pleas'd with him than me?

Anton. No; but —

Beris. You shall not go! you oft have said
I shall Command you; now I'll use my Pow'r.

Anton. Mark what I say, for by yon Heav'n I'm fixt,
Fixt as the Poles, or thy dear self to Love —

Beris. To ruin her that loves you.

Anton. O no! 'tis to protect and guard you from it.

Beris. And how can you protect me when y'are gone?

Anton. What, for an Hour?

Beris. A Minute is too long.

Anton. Hear me —

Beris. Hear me, my Lord,

Upon my Knees I beg that you wou'd hear me;

For O, perhaps, you ne'er may hear me more!

By all the Love you bear me, all the Vow

That you have sigh'd away upon my Breast,

And all the Pow'r's that you invoc'd to hear 'em,

I do adjure you, stay! Nay, here I'll hold,

And you shall drag me with you if you go.

Anton. Nay, then — I must be cruel that you may
Be safe.

[*Breaks from her and Exit.*]

Beris. Yet stay! O stay and see me die!

See my sad Soul breathe out her last Complaint!

See! — but he's gone! and left me to my Sorrows!

O cruel Man! but O more cruel Brother,

That tears him from my Arms! perhaps for ever!

O killing Thought! — Some plying Pow'r look down

And bid their Guardian Angels mind their Charge. [*Exit Beris.*]

Enter Alonzo, Clara.

Alon. But are you sure she's there?

Clar. I am, my Lord.

But why wou'd you thus venture forth? you know

The Air is death to one in your Condition.

Alon. If I had the least hope of Life I'd stay

But, ah! I feel my vital Strength decay;

Each Moment bears a part of me away;

And in the Grave I shall not quiet lie,

Unless I see *Alphania* e'er I die.

Clar. Here comes *Sebastian*! This way, my Lord.

If you intend t' avoid him.

Alon. Did but my Wounds permit, I now wou'd try

Who best deserves *Alphania*, he, or I.

If ever Fate the Combat shou'd afford,

Let her be his that has the sharpest Sword.

[*Alphania*]

Exit

Enter Sebastian.

Sebast. Not come yet? But he's Brave and will not fail me:
I never knew him slack to right himself
In what concern'd his Honour;
Nor shall I now—— he's here.

Enter Antonio.

His Guilt has made him pale—— come, rouse *Antonio*,
Thou know'st the fatal Business of the Hour,
Therefore prepare.

[*Draws.*]

Anton. Why dost thou, rash young Man,
Proceed to such Extremities as these?

Is there no other way to Reconciliation?

Sebast. None, none. Why dost thou ask so tame a Question?
Hast thou not violated our past Friendship?
Abus'd my Father? Basely left thy Wife,
And whor'd her Sister?

Anton. 'twas my full intent
Not to be mov'd; but give me Patience Heav'n
Another Sound like that will lift my Rage
Above my Resolution.

Sebast. Then hear that Sound repeated—— Whor'd her Sister.

Anton. 'Tis thy amasing Insolence protects thee.

Sebast. But you think Cowardice a safer Refuge.

Anton. Why dost thou strive to pull thy Murder on me?

Sebast. Indeed y'are clog'd enough with that already,
Witness the Maid you butcher'd, unprovok'd.

Anton. You speak in Clouds, I do not understand you.

Sebast. You understand too well—— but I'll refresh
Your Memory—— *Ansilva.*

Anton. What of her?

Sebast. Why nothing, nothing—— he that does base things,
We may conclude, has baseness to deny 'em.
Come, prating's not our Business.

Anton. That thou hast wrong'd me, all that's good can witness.
How far I am from doing ought that's base
You know your self, for no Man knows me better.
You know I'd rather die than do an Action
Contrary to Justice.

Sebast. I thought so once, but now I find my Error——
But, come, we trifle precious Time away,
If thou art in the right——

Anton. I am, by Heav'n
And I wou'd only have thee live to know it;
To know how much y'ave wrong'd the chaste *Berinthia*,
To know how much y'ave wrong'd your dearest Friend:
But you shou'd live no longer, by the Pow'rs
That gave me Breath, that Hour shou'd be thy last:
Then thou shou'dst kneel, and crouching beg for Merrey,

And shou'd be heard — as you have heard your Sister.

Sebast. I'm satisfy'd my Cause is just, what e'er

You say to make it seem the contrary,

And now the third time dare you to the Trial.

Anton. You know, my Friend (for yet I'll use the name)

You know, I say, *Antonio* is no Coward:

Y've seen him try'd, when we employ'd our Arms

Against the common Foe, while Death and Ruine

In confus'd shapes have rang'd about the Field,

And said, This Day, my Friend, y've acted Wonders:

Yet not to boast; I call it to remembrance,

To let thee know 'tis not poor, slavish Fear

Withholds me from revenging of my Wrongs:

Only I'd have you live to see your Error,

And then —

Sebast. Do now what then you boast you'd do.

As for your Friendship once more I disclaim it,

And, when you told me thas your Cause was just,

You told a —

Anton. Hold! Let not that hateful Word

Come from thy Lips, for Mercy's sake and mine.

Sebast. You told a Lye.

Anton. Nay, you shall go no further.

Yet stay! it must not be! — 'Tis now unlikely

That I shou'd e'er possess the fair *Berimbia*,

And if I fight 'twill be impossible,

For only he can aid me. — *O, Sebastian!*

If thou hast any love for thy own Peace,

Any regard to Virtue, Truth, and Honour;

Comfort below, or Happiness hereafter,

Do not blow up this Controversie higher:

I hitherto excuse you, — but no more;

Shou'd you again so brutally affront me,

I'd tear thy Tongue up by the Roots.

Sebast. You durst not.

Anton. Still worse and worse! and still I hear it ravelly!

Love, that makes others Brave, makes me a Coward.

For poor *Alphanta's* sake I'll yet have Patience:

I'm sensible 'thas wrong'd you —

Sebast. Damn her, Strumper.

Anton. Strumper? have a care!

Y'are now upon a Rock that splits us both!

Why 'tis to call her Mother's Name in question.

Sebast. I meant it so;

No pure Spring cou'd yield a Stream so muddy:

Wicked so young shews 'twas with Blood before,

And proves her a Hereditary Whore.

Anton. 'Tis done! y've now found out the way to move me.

Shou'd

Should I not vindicate my Mother's Fame,
Her Ghost wou'd rise up from the Grave and blast me?
Traytor to Friendship, Villain, Slave have at thee,
Have at thy Heart—— I've mist it.

[They fight.]

Sebast. True, thou hast—
There—— I took better aim.

[Anton falls.]

Enter Diego hastily.

Diego. O Heav'n! more Ruine yet!
Where will our Sufferings end? — Your wretched Sister,
Whose Reason fled with her *Alonso's* Life,
Seeing a Poniard on the Table drawn,
With one quick spring exerting all her Force,
Broke from her Womens Arms, and ere we cou'd
Prevent her, plung'd it deep into her Breast:
But see! O see

She's here, and raving in the Pangs of Death!

Enter Alphanta mad, stab'd in many places, held by Attendants.

Anton. My Sister! sure some bloody Planet rules!

Alphon. Nay, stop me not, why will you keep me from him?

Do you not see him hov'ring in the Clouds?

He stays in the Mid-way till I can reach him.

Come down and ease me of this Load of Flesh,

The Clog that hinders my *Ethereal* flight,

That the light airy Soul may mount at will,

And find out the Eternal Habitation:

Make haste, then, my *Alonso*, to assist me.

Ha! say'st thou? can'st thou not? 'tis true, thou can'st not.

The inevitable Doom is past upon thee.

There's no return from the dark Vault of Death.

But I may come to thee—— ha! may I so?

Then this must be the way.

[Tears her Wounds.]

Now I have caught thee, now we mount together,

Thro' the vast Sea of Air we glide like thought,

Th' astonish'd Clouds break off and make us way,

Elysium is op'n'd to receive us;

See! on the Beach the smiling Cherubs stand,

And Streams of Joy o'er-flow the peaceful Land.

Anton. Dye hear, *Sebastian*?

Alphon. Is that Fury here?

What, will you persecute me after Death?

Cannot my Soul have rest?— my Brother too?

My most inhuman Brother!—— ha! he bleeds!

Blood for Blood, why now 'tis as it shou'd be;

I see there is some Justice stirring yet:

Haste, my *Alonso*, free me from these Tyrants,

Descend, and in a Whirlwind bear me from 'em

Enter Alonso, Clara.

He's here! he's here! now take me in thy Arms,

I'm purg'd from earthly Dross, fit for my Passage,
 I am all Spirit like thy self; away,
 And as we go pray give me an Account
 Of all the Wonders that you saw above,
 In the bright Courts of everlasting Day:
 And how at first you there were entertain'd
 With Nectar, and Ambrosia, Food for Gods!

—Where are you now? — ha! I again have lost you!
 A Mist is come between my Eyes and thee: *[She sinks down, he kneels by her.*
 I'll hold the faster, since I cannot see. *[Dies.*

Alon. If ever any Man had cause to curse
 The Stars that have an Influence o'er our Fate,
 Sure I may have free leave,
 I who am more unfortunate than any!

Antonio, I forgive thee;
 'Twas fatal Ignorance set us at odds,
 And neither are to blame.
 Now thou dear, bleeding, purest Piece of Earth,
 Thus I embrace and take my last, last leave!
 And 'tis my Comfort, tho' I'm here unhappy,
 I shall be blessed when I come above,
 If Heav'n rewards those few that die for Love. *[Dies.*

Anton. Ah! wretched Pair! Had I but known before
 How well y'ad lov'd, I'd not for Worlds have parted you.
 But you have your Revenge: My Soul is on
 The wing, and I shall quickly reach you.

Enter Berinthia.

Berth. Where is this Wretch that runs to meet his Ruine?
 O, I am come too late!

Anton. If thou hast any Bowels call for help! *[Sebast. catches her.*

Sebast. She comes—— her Colour has resum'd its seat
 I fear I've been too rash. *[Aside.*

Berth. Is this your Justice, Heav'n? This your Reward
 For Vertue and inviolable Love?

Anton. Tax not the Pow'rs Divine: Their Ends are just,
 Tho' hid from us, and Mortals must submit.
 O, my Love! forgive my late unkindness
 And I shall die in Peace.

Berth. Talk not of dying!
 Shou'd the World blaze, and the last Trumpet sound,
 'Twou'd not be half so dreadful! If you love me
 Do not talk of dying.

Anton. O, I must! I find the icy chill of Fate upon me:
 But, if there's any Equity in Heav'n,
 As certainly there is, we once shall meet
 And never part again: —— till then farewell!

Berth. I will not long be from you!

Anton. Nay, now thou dost disturb me ev'n in Death:

When

When the grim Tirant just had seiz'd my Heart,
I made him 'break his hold, and gain'd a Moment.
Live! live till Heav'n sees fit to call thee hence,
And crown thy Vertue with immortal Glory!
But lay no violent Hands upon thy self.
This is my last Request, and pray observe it:
And, O my Friend! (for thou wilt love my Memory
When I'm gone) for my sake, who ne'r wrong'd you,
Be kind to this unfortunate Maid, thy Sister,
For she deserves thy Care.— I can no more!
A Stranger here, I now am summon'd home,
My Spirits faint, and the long Sleep is come.

[*Exit.*]

Beris. He's gone! he's gone! the noble Soul is fled,
And nothing now below is worth my Care!
Why should nor I die too? — Look, there *Barbarian*!
See what thy Hand has done, and cry for Mercy,
For Vengeance will pursue this horrid Deed.
What shall I do? O, I shall lose my Senses!
See! here I fix to be remov'd no more:
This wretched Leave you cannot but afford,
To breathe my last upon my murder'd Lord!

Enter Villains, Attendants.

Vil. O Heav'n! what do I see?
Thy fatal Ralliness has undone us all!

[*To Sebastian.*]

Sebast. Ha! — what Turn is this?

[*Aside.*]

Vil. Prepare, *Sebastian*,
And thou, my mourning Daughter, both prepare,
To hear a Story of transcendent Horror!

This Morning,

Just as the wakeful Cock, with his shrill Notes,
Had given the warning of approaching Day,
Your Sister, the unhappy *Catalina*,

Was with a stroke of Thunder quite deprived
Of all the Faculties of Sense and Motion;

Only by some faint Breathings 'twas perceiv'd
Her tortur'd Soul had yet not left its Cage.

Strait I was call'd; and was no sooner come
But she reviv'd, and, in a hollow Voice,

Oft interrupted with Sighs and Groans,

Such as proclaim the Pangs of Death are near,

Pour'd forth these dreadful Words. — O Father! Father!

Berimbia's innocent, and I'm to blame!

Inspir'd by Jealousie and black Revenge,

These trembling Hands prepar'd a fatal Draught,

To end her Life that did obstruct my Love:

But e'er I could accomplish my Design,

My Maid discover'd it; for which I stabb'd her,

Then laid her Murder to *Antonio's* charge,

To

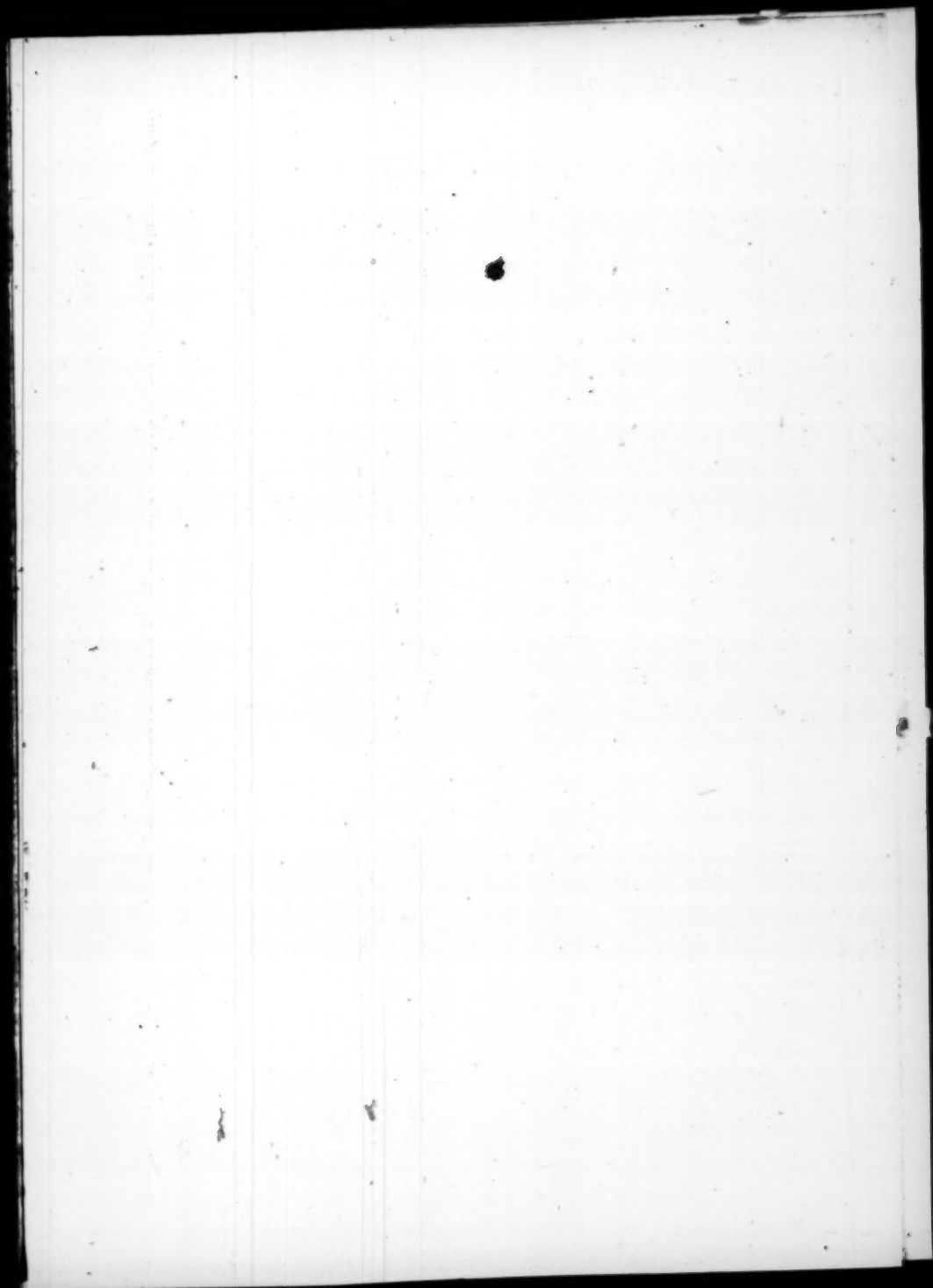
To be so cruel of him to his first
 partner, and for thinking of me
 like this, and, if possible, to
 The notion that mistook me for
 Then, penitent and contrite, but
 At once desiring, Pardon me, my friend,
 She with her dear, and the world's truth
 I care — but

What wilt my Song
 Can you be so weak
 As to forsake me
 And speak of me
 From Mall to Mall
 Since it is so
 O Beasts!

[illegible]

for ON - the house
and the first of me free
the world had no end
and the world was not
but the world was not
I would have been
the world was not

...but Repentance can be
...may all...
...Example tale...
...child they may...
...that Heaven and Earth...



To be reveng'd of him for setting free
Berimbia, and for slighting of my bed.
 Hasten therefore, and, if possible, prevent
 The mischiefs that mistaken rage may work.
 Then, penitent and conscious of her crimes,
 At once desiring Pardon and our Prayers,
 She with her Death confirmed the horrid Truth!
 I came——but Oh! too late.

Sebast. Too late indeed!

What will my Stars do with me? O *Berimbia*?
 Can you be so extravagant in blood
 As to forgive me? thus gasping on the Earth,
 And speech decaying, here I grieve for pardon.

Berim. You have it, and may Heav'n forgive you too,
 Since it appears *Berimbia's* Innocent,
 And worthy of the blood of *Vilars*.
 But here, alas! were all my Joy like cancell'd!
 With him Affliction wou'd have had more charms
 Than Life can have without him.——Life? what's Life?
 A glimmering spark which thus I quench for ever.

Vilar. What has she done?

Berim. Drank a health to my Love,
 This is the Poison that my Sister sent me;
 I kept it to convince you of her hatred;
 And you shall find 'twas mortal.——ha! 'tis here!

I find 'twas needless to have took it all,
 A drop had done my business.——O *Antonio*!

Look down and witness I forgive my Sister,
 Alas! were both oblig'd to her.——'Tis she
 That sets my Soul from hateful Bondage free;
 And mounts it up at once to Heav'n and thee.

Vilar. Ha! gone so soon? I ought indeed to blame thee,

But Nature is too pow'rful.——Oh *Berimbia*!

Oh! my unhappy Daughter!

Sebast. None beside?

None, none to Murder but a Friend and Sister?
 The world will point, and cry, that! that's the Monster!
 But Oh!——the Thought is more than I can bear,
 And this shall set me free.

Vilar. Hold! hold his hand!

Sebast. Yes, you may hold me.

But tho' m'accurs'd Sword has miss'd my aim,
 I yet shall find a way!

Vilar. Forbear, rash Boy, to add to my afflictions,
 When I already bend beneath their weight,
 And be a comfort to me in my Age.
 For what is past 'tis fruitless to bemoan,
 Since nothing but Repentance can atone.

And O! hereafter may all Parents see
 This Story, and Example take by me;
 That to each Child they may alike be kind;
 Nor rashly part what Heav'n and Love has join'd.

[takes out a Glass and Drinks]

[Dies]

[Mourns over her]

} Aside,

[Wounds himself]

[Exeunt Omnes]

F I N I S.

